THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 10

OH, WINDS.

BY W. W. LONG.

Oh, winds from the east, and winds from the west,
Bring me a message sweet
From the woman there by the sunset tide;
Where night and morning meet.

Oh, summer winds from tropical bowers,
Blow down the amber west,
And bring me a message of love and hope
A message of peace and rest.

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"TO SAVE HIM FROM DEATH."

MRS. BLAIR paused for some minutes and looked thoughtfully at the lawyer.

"I went through it all," she said; "but as I said before, I could have laughed at it but for my father's sake. You know how surely and slowly the tide creeps in on the sand; so the tide of ruin swept over our once happy home. One by one Aunt Flora sent away the women-servants, she and I doing our best to fill their places. The men could not be dismissed, or the work of the farm and the gardens must have been stopped altogether.

"Then one by one all the comforts of home disappeared; we had poor fare, so poor that there were times when we had hardly sufficient to eat. Still we lived on at Firmanse, and kept up outward appearances, but I saw that my father drooped and faded day by day. I knew, too, all the efforts he made; I carried his manuscripts to the post, and I received them when they were returned. I was only sixteen when I had to go to town to sell his watch and chain. My poor old father! how he cried when he had to part with them. One by one Aunt Flora's jewels went, then our valuable books, then the pictures, and finally the old oaken furniture, which had been my father's pride.

"The old house grew bare and desolate. The morning came when my father called me to him; he held an open letter in his hands, and the tears were raining down his face.

"'Hester,' he cried, 'it is all over. I have struggled and fought one of the hardest battles that it ever fell to a man to fight, and now I am beaten—I can struggle, no more!"

"I kissed him and soothed him. I told him that I was young and strong—that I would work for him and keep him, but he only smiled and sighed.

"'My dear Hester, you little know what the world is like,' he cried.

"Then he showed me what was wrong. He had paid no rent for two years, and his landlord had written to say that if it were not paid within one month from that date he should be compelled to issue a distrain against him.

"'That means,' said my father, 'that our furniture will be sold, and we shall be turned into the street.'

"We must try to find the money,' I said, but my father only wept the more.

"The month passed, and nothing in the shape of help came to us. My father was in despair, my Aunt Flora wept by night and by day, but nothing—no one came to save us.

"Have you guessed that Angus Graham Blair, my husband, was my father's landlord?—do you begin to see why I was his wife!

"Firmanse, where we lived, is about ten miles from Ardrossan, and Mr. Blair owned a great deal property in the neighborhood; he was one of the wealthiest landowners in the county. A few days before the month he had allowed my father expired, he wrote again, to ask if the money were ready. My father's despairing answer was 'No,' and then he came himself.

"I never loved my husband," she continued, with a dreary sigh, "but I am bound to admit that he had many good qualities. He came to Firmanse one night in August. My father was sitting out in what was the ruin of a once beautiful garden, my aunt and I were busy in the house when there came a loud ring at the door.

"My aunt Flora answered it, and she came back to me pale and trembling.

"'Hester,' she cried, 'what shall I do? It is Mr. Blair! What will your father say?' We looked at each other in helpless bewilderment, then she, little dreaming that her hand was pointing to this, said, 'Go to him, Hester, you are young, and so fair, you may be able to soften his heart.'

"These words awoke within me the first feeling of delight or gladness that I had ever felt in what the world calls my beauty. My heart was on my lips when I entered the drawing-room that could no longer boast of a book, a picture, or an ornament.

"I resolved that I would plead with him; perhaps if I told him all about my father's poverty he would wait yet a little longer for the rent.

"I found a tall, rather handsome-looking man sitting there, yet from the first moment that my eyes fell upon him until the hour he died I never liked him. He looked very much startled when I went in.

"'You are Mr. Blair?' I said.

"He bowed.

"'I am Mr. Blair!' he said. 'To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?'

"'I am Hester Carol,' I answered. Have I told you that my father's name was Andrew Carol?

"'I will tell my father that you are here,' I said, 'but you will not mind waiting for a few minutes; he is not well, and it will shock him, I know.'

"'Then you know what I am here for?' he said.

"'I do indeed,' I answered.

"'Then in those beautiful eyes of yours I must look like a brute,' he cried.

"'I wish you would wait some time longer for the money,' I said.

"'Do you? How old are you, Miss Carol?' he asked.

"'I am seventeen,' I answered. 'A vague dislike to him was creeping over me; I could not tell why. I drew back; there was an evil smile on his face.

"'I should like to see your father, when you think it will suit him,' he said. 'Could you give me a glass of milk?'

"'Our cows are sold,' I answered, with a sigh.

"He looked round the once pretty room, all dismantled and bare.

"'You certainly seem to be going downhill very fast here,' he said.

"'I hastened to procure some refreshments for him. I could find nothing better than a bottle of cider and some biscuits. He professed to be much pleased with both.

"'Stay and talk to him, Hester,' whispered my aunt; 'it will put him in good humor before he sees your father.

"So, while Mr. Blair ate the biscuits and drank the cider, I sat and talked to him. He asked me all kinds of questions about myself—where I had been, what I had done, what friends and acquaintances I had.

"I knew afterward—alas! alas!—that he had fallen deeply in love with me. He, a man of forty; I, a girl of seventeen. I never dreamed of such a thing; but, as far as I dare, I resented the way in which he sat and looked at me. After a time my poor white-haired old father came in—trembling, frightened; at the mercy of this man who seemed so desirous of pleasing me.

"How he trembled—how feeble and helpless he looked.

"'I have no excuse,' he said; "I know that I should have paid my rent, Mr. Blair; but I have been unfortunate. Sir,' he continued, 'let me plead to you in the words of Holy Writ: Be patient with me, and I will pay thee all.'

"Mr. Blair was not unkind to him. He talked to him about his reverses—of the bad weather, the terrible times, the fatal outlook for agriculturists of all kinds. He talked sensibly and cleverly; there was something pleasing in his manner. My Aunt Flora liked him. I could see that my father liked him too; but I did not.

"'We must talk about this unfortunate business again,' he said, when he rose to take leave of us. 'I shall be in the neighborhood for some few days, and I will call again.'

"He came on the morrow, and the morrow, and the morrow; he came at all hours and at all seasons. He did not seem to care about seeing my father or my aunt, but always me.

"'Go to him, Hester,' Aunt Flora would say, imploringly. 'You can always keep him in a good temper, and that is the best way in which you can help your father.'

"So, whether I liked it or not, whenever he came to the house I must go and sit with him, talk to him, and do my best to keep him in a good humor. The result of which was, I hated him. I can remember how I used to sit and look at him, and think to myself how completely we were all in his power—my white-haired old father, my gentle, loving aunt, and myself—one word from him and the old home would be destroyed forever, the remnants of furniture sold, and we ourselves without the shelter of a roof—only one word! There were mornings when he came looking stern and perhaps angry.

"My father grew thinner, paler, and more worn; Aunt Flora looked as though she knew some terrible calamity was going to happen to us, when suddenly a thunderbolt fell. It glanced past the others and struck me.

"'Hester,' said Mr. Blair to me one morning. He had begun to call me Hester without my permission, and I dared not resent it; to have done so would have cost my father his home. 'Hester,' he said to me, whom do you love best in the world?'

"'My father,' I answered.

"'And how much do you love him?' he asked.

"'With all my heart,' I replied.

"'With all your heart, and above all things?' he said.

"'Yes; more than words can tell. My father is all the world to me,' I answered.

"He was silent for some minutes, and sat looking at me with that smile I hated but never dared to resent.

"'You are sorry for him, too, without doubt?' he added.

"'My whole heart aches for him,' was my answer.

"'You would do anything to save him, to get money for him, to keep the old home for him?'

"'I would do anything in the wide world!' I cried.

"'It will be easy enough,' he said. 'Marry me, Hester—be my wife, and your father shall never know another money trouble—he shall live in luxurious comfort all the rest of his life.'

"But I ran away with a bitter, angry cry. How I hated him, only Heaven knew."

CHAPTER VII.

"A LOVELESS MARRIAGE."

"I ran away, far away into the fields and woods. It seemed to me that I could never enter the house again; the words he had spoken rang with a hateful sound in my ears. I acknowledge that up to that time my hatred against him was unreasonable and unjust, but it was a natural instinct that I could not repress; I could not endure to remember what he had said.

"'Marry him!' Why, I would rather die twenty thousand times over—I would rather dig my grave with my own hands, and bury myself alive in it.

"I did not return to the house until I believed that Mr. Blair had left it. Imagine my despair when I found Aunt Flora waiting for me, with a bright smile on her face.

"'Oh, Hester!' she cried. 'Mr. Blair has told us the good news. My darling, you will save us all!'

"I looked at her aghast.

"'What good news, auntie?' I cried.

"'Oh, my dear, I do not know how how to thank you enough!—I do not know how to bless you enough! I have been crying for joy! Now, please Heaven, the dear old father shall have his comforts again! I have not told him, dear; I have left that happy task for you!'

"I begin to think that something must have happened of which I knew nothing, and that I was mistaken in thinking that she meant what she had said to me. My face burned crimson even then when I thought of it.

"'Will you tell me what you mean, Aunt Flora?" I asked.

"'You know what I mean, my darling,' she answered. 'Mr. Blair told me—and, oh, Hester! I am so pleased, my darling, we are all saved—and through you! Mr. Blair tells me you have promised to marry him!'

"'Did he tell you?' I cried.

"'Yes. Oh, Hester! it seems too good to be true that such a brilliant end should come to all our troubles; but I am not surprised, you are fair enough to be a king's wife.'

"'Aunt Flora,' I asked, in despair, 'do you like Mr. Blair?"

"'I like him very much indeed,' she replied. 'He is very handsome, very kind, and indeed he has won my heart forever by loving you."

"I cried out in my agony of distress.

"'Aunt Flora, do you not know that I hate him! I hate his way, his manner, his face, his laugh—I can not endure him—and I would rather die than marry him!'

"I shall never forget the pale despair that came over her face.

"'You will not marry him, Hester!' she said. 'Oh, my dear, surely you do not mean that? He told me that you were going to be his wife!'

"'He spoke falsely,' I cried. 'I shall never be his wife, Aunt Flora.'

"She looked at me with eyes full of infinite distress.

"'Oh, my dear Hester,' she cried, 'have I made a mistake? But no, it is impossible; he told me himself; he called me into the dining-room and said: 'Aunt Flora, I am the happiest man in the world; Hester has promised to be my wife.'

"'It is not true,' I cried again. 'He

asked me, but I ran away; I did not answer him.'

"Just the shadow of a smile crossed my aunt's face.

"'You ran away? Ah, Hester!' she cried, 'then, of course, he took your silence for consent, my dear.'

"'I wonder, Hester,' she said, 'if it would have made any difference if you had remained to listen.'

"'Not the least in the world!' I cried, energetically.

"'He certainly has most liberal and generous notions,' she continued. 'He told me that if you married him, he should not only forgive your father all he owed him, but that as a wedding present to you, he should give him Firmanse for his lifetime, and settle a hundred a year on him, besides.'

"'Did he really say that?" I asked, lost in wonder.

"'He did indeed, and he would do it,' she replied; 'that is why I felt so glad and happy. I thought it was true. I did not know that you did not like him. What a pity it is. How happy my brother would have been with no heavy, horrible debt hanging over his head and Firmanse his own. I might have been sure that it was too good to be true,' and Aunt Flora wept in every bitterness of heart over the downfall of all bright hopes. 'You must see him yourself, Hester,' she said, 'when he comes again,' and I agreed to do so.

"'I would marry him if I liked him,' I said slowly. 'I would do anything to save my father; but I do not like him; I never did.'

"'Why?' asked Aunt Flora, anxiously. 'Tell me why you do not like him, Hester?'

"But when I came to analyze my feelings, I could not find anything but instinctive dislike. He was handsome, genial, and kindly in his manner; he was intelligent, and well read; he talked well—why did I not like him? Even at this length of time I can hardly remember why I disliked him from the first, except that it was by instinct. I had hoped that my father need never know of this offer which I did not dream of accepting; but my aunt Flora told him, and he sent for me. I shall never forget the brightness on the dear old face, or the hope that shone in his eyes.

"'Oh, Hester,' he cried, 'is it true? Your aunt says you are not willing, but you must be willing. You will save me from poverty and old age in the work-house.'

"'That would never have been your lot, father,' I cried; 'I can work for you.'

"'Work!' he repeated, with a little shuddering laugh, 'what work could you do? You have been brought up amidst flowers and trees; what work could you do that would bring in money? Alas, none! It seems to me,' my poor father went on, 'that Heaven itself has come to the rescue.'

"'But, my dear father,' I cried, 'you do not understand: I do not like him, I am not going to marry him.'

"He smiled: a smile of indulgent complacency.

"'You are sure to think and feel in that fashion,' he said; 'all girls do the same thing. So far as my experience goes, a marriage begun with a little aversion often turns out happier than one that commences with what young people call love. Still, I will not persuade you, Hester: you shall do that which will make you happy, but what a thing it would have been for me; I should never have known another hour's trouble.'

"'Most girls say "No" several times before they say "Yes," my father continued, with a smile; 'perhaps that will be your case, Hester; I think if I were in your place, with such a good offer, I should think over it and not decide too hastily.'

"'If I thought over it for twenty years,' I answered, 'I should say the same thing in the end.'

"'Dear me,' said my father, with some faint wonder; 'you are very determined, Hester!'

"And so I was; it seemed to me much better to take matters in my own hands. I did not go out that day, but waited for Mr. Blair. I sprung to meet him, I was so anxious to speak to him before he saw Aunt Flora or my father.

"'Mr. Blair,' I cried, 'will you come into the drawing-room? I want to speak to you most particularly.'

"He looked so pleased that I felt almost sorry for him.

"'You want to speak to me, my darling,' he began, but I interrupted him.

"'Hush, hush, you must not use such words to me!' I cried eagerly. 'I want to tell you that it was all a mistake about this marriage. I am sorry that I ran away, but I do not like what you were saying at all. I did not promise to marry you; I was horrified at the idea.'

"His face darkened. He looked at me angrily.

"'You forget,' I cried out, burning with shame and vexation, 'I am only a child. I will never marry any one.'

"Then he smiled.

"'True,' he said, 'only a child, but a most fair and noble child. So you will not marry me, Hester?'

"'Oh, no!' I cried. 'If you want to make me quite happy never mention it again.'

"'But I shall come to see you just the same,' he said.

"'Yes, that will not matter, but do not mention anything so dreadful as marriage,' I said.

"He promised, but there was something in his face and in his eyes that I did not like or trust."

CHAPTER VIII.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

MRS. BLAIR raised her beautiful eyes to the lawyer's grave face.

"Did you ever," she asked slowly, "watch a spider weave a web? Just so skillfully, so patiently, so subtly this web was woven round me. I blame no one. My Aunt Flora thought in urging me to marry a rich man she was doing me the greatest earthly good; my father, old and wearied, thought of all the comfort such a marriage would bring to him. So this web was woven in which I was to be caught—a web that my husband's death has broken; but the breaking of which has not set me free.

"Mr. Blair came and went, but said no more of marriage to me. I was almost afraid of the vehement love he showed for me. He would have lavished presents on me, but I would not accept one; he bought wine for my father, who enjoyed it; he was most courteous and kind to my aunt; he never alluded to love or marriage, but he seemed to pervade our house—our life to have become part and parcel of us; and I—Heaven forgive me—I hated him more than ever.

"I can see now how, bit by bit, this web was woven. One evening, when we were all out in the orchard, Mr. Blair told my father that he thought of going to the Continent for a year or two. He said that he placed all his affairs, the administration of his estate, in the hands of an agent—a Mr. Hewson of Athole. He added, with a strange look at my father, that he hoped the agent would not be too severe. In an agony of alarm, my father cried out: 'What will he do with us? Mr. Blair, what will happen to us?' Mr. Blair held up his hands with a warning gesture.

"'I have put everything in his hands,' he said—'I shall leave everything with him. Certainly a landlord must live on his rents, and I have neither the heart nor the courage to collect mine; I must leave it to some one else. But,' he continued, 'I have made an exception in your favor. I have told Mr. Hewson that he is to give you another month in which to find the money. Some good fortune or other will come to you, I hope, before then.'

"We were all silent. Before my father's eyes rose again the vision of the work-house; he looked at me, and a whole prayer of pleading was in his eyes. In one moment I saw it all. As I had refused to marry him, Mr. Blair would wait no longer for his money; but, after all that had passed, he did not like to take any steps in the matter himself, but would leave it in the hands of an agent against whom there would be no appeal.

"When Mr. Blair rose that evening to take leave of us, my father said to him, in a trembling voice, 'You have been very kind to us, Mr. Blair—I thank you for your patience. Only Heaven knows how it will end. In a pauper's grave for me.'

"'There is one way out of all your troubles,' said Mr. Blair, dryly, nodding his head at me.

"'A way that we can not follow,' said my father, sadly. 'You will come again before you go?'

"'I will come to say good-bye to you all,' he replied, and when he walked away I knew that he held my father's life in his hands.

"'A month!' I cried, to cheer him. 'A whole month, father! Think how much may happen in a month.'

"'I know what will happen to us in a month,' said my father. 'Poverty, privation, and even hunger will come to us, but no good fortune.'

"His words were quite correct; before that day week had passed, we knew what it was to feel hungry and not have enough to eat; we know what it meant. In the meantime the notice came from the agent, Mr. Hewson, to say that if all the money owned by Andrew Carol to Angus Grahame Blair were not paid by such a date, an execution would be put into the house and everything sold.

"'We may look on it as done,' said my poor old father. 'Flora—Hester, when the old home is empty where shall we go—what shall we do? We shall not be able to stay here even an hour after the sale is over. The new tenants are sure to come at once. And to think,' he continued, 'that it might have been mine if Hester could have liked the man!'

"'But Hester never could have liked him, father,' I said, and he turned away from me with a passionate outburst of tears.

"No one can imagine what I suffered. When my father was most despairing and most despondent, Aunt Flora would come to me and say:

"'How one word from you would change all this, Hester; but of course you can not speak it.'

"Until then I had never, even in fancies of my own mind, thought of uttering that one word; now I let the idea rise in my mind. If I married him, there was Firmanse and an income for my father, there was a comfortable home for my aunt, and I, the wife of a rich man, could do much to help them.

"All these thoughts Aunt Flora impressed upon me; at first I had refused even to entertain them, then I admitted them.

"Think," she continued, gently, "of all the pressure brought to bear upon me—think of my father's tears, my aunt's prayers—and I was only just seventeen!

"The month expired. In due course of time the letter came from Mr. Hewson. It seemed like a mockery, asking us if we had that sum of money ready when we had not so many shillings in the house.

"Then came the taking of the inventory, and two men were placed in possession of the old house. Then it seemed to me my father died; he shuddered with cold, he bent his white head on his breast.

"'I can not bear it, Hester,' he said, 'I can not face it. When they come to carry me from the old home they will find me dead.'

"'And you, Hester, could change all this with one word,' said Aunt Flora—only one word.'

"Whether he knew what had been done or not I can not say, but that same evening Mr. Blair came in to say good-bye. My aunt Flora received him with tears. My father had been carried to his room.

"'No,' he said, holding up his hand with a gesture for silence, 'do not tell me what has happened; I do not wish to know. There was a way out of it, a way that would have led to happiness and wealth, but you would not.'

"A sudden idea struck me: I would appeal to his kindness of heart and his generosity to free my poor father from debt and misery.

"'Mr. Blair,' I said, suddenly, 'may I speak to you for a few minutes?'

"'I am at your service for as many hours,' he replied; and we went into the drawing-room together. I did not look at his face, lest I should read triumph there—triumph over the proud girl who had rejected him with scant courtesy.

"He sat down in my father's favorite chair, and that gave me courage. I went to him and stood by his side. I can not remember all I said, but I prayed to him with sobs and tears to spare my father.

"I promised him that I would find work to do, and that I would work like a slave until I could repay my father's debt; my poor father, who had so short a time to live, and who would die the very hour in which he was carried from the house. He listened to me with a smile.

"'My dear,' he said, 'there need not be any of this; you need not shed tears, or sob, or cry; you need not work; your father need not die broken-hearted—if you will marry me!'

"'But that is the very thing I can not do! I can not marry you!' I cried.

"'You could if you would,' he said. 'You do not know how fair and beautiful you are in my eyes, Hester, I would give my life to win you for my wife. I will make you the happiest woman in the world. You shall have money and jewels, horses and carriages; you shall be the bonniest and happiest wife in all Scotland.' But I shrunk from him shuddering, and crying out that I could not, I could not! that I did not like him; and could never marry him. 'It matters little about liking,' he said. 'I will teach you to love me.'

"'Never,' I cried, 'never!' But I began to feel hopeless, like a bird fascinated by a snake.

"'Look on both sides of the picture," he said, 'If you send me away with "No" again for my answer, think what lies before you—misery, poverty, ruin.'

"'But,' I cried, "be generous, Mr. Blair; save my father without seeking to marry me.'

"'No, my dear,' he said; 'every good action deserves its reward. If I save your father, you must marry me. Now look at the two sides of the picture. If you send me away with "No," you have ruin, misery and probably your father's death to answer for; if you say "Yes," think of the old man's delight, think of the pleasure of paying off those wretched men, of making the old house beautiful again; of furnishing these pretty rooms, of refilling the book-cases, of seeing your father so comfortable that he may live for years longer, and your aunt live happily with him.'

"'But,' I cried, 'it is my life. I have but one life, and it will all be spoiled, for I do not like you.'

"'I will make you love me!' he cried. 'Give me time.'

"'Be generous,' I said. 'Do not ask, do not urge me. You should be too proud to marry a girl who does not like you. That is not marriage, it is purchase. You are buying me—giving so much money for me. I could almost love you, if you would leave me free."

"'As you say yourself, Hester, you beautiful, trembling child, that is the one thing I can not do. Your hand is the price of the old home, of your father's happiness and of his life.'

"'It is not fair to me,' I cried. 'It is not fair.'

"But I yielded. I said, 'Yes,' and all that night I dreamed of Jephthah's daughter."

CHAPTER IX.

"TRY TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT."

"THERE was no one to save me," continued Mrs. Blair, "and I could not save myself. From the moment I said 'Yes, until this moment in which I stand before you, I have repented with my whole heart; but what could I do? And I dreamed—dear Heaven! how I dreamed of Jephthah's daughter, the girl who gave her life that her father might fulfill his vow. I thought of her as I had seen her in Bible pictures, dressed in floating robes and flowers, flying to meet her father, who was bound to slay her.

"In less than one week from the hour in which I had said 'Yes,' Firmanse was quite another place. The men in possession had been discharged; the farm was restocked; the house re-furnished. Mr. Blair gave himself endless trouble to recover all the household treasures that had been sold. The lawyers had been busy at work. Firmanse was given to my father for his life-time, with an annuity of one hundred a year. Mr. Blair filled his book-cases — filled his wine-cellar; he was lavishly generous to him, but I could hardly feel grateful, as my life had to pay for it. I made one effort; it was the last cry of a despairing soul. Can you imagine what the despair of a girl of seventeen was like?

"I made one last appeal to him; he came one evening, and he brought with him presents of magnificent jewelry for me—me who had not even one ornament of gold or silver. He brought me diamonds and great blue sapphires, pearls and rubies.

"'My wife will want them all,' he said. 'She shall be the bonniest and brightest wife in Scotland.'

"And I longed only to die before the time of my marriage came round.

"On this evening I determined to make my last appeal to him. When he had laid these magnificent jewels before me I looked up into his face—a handsome face, a kindly one, but with something in it that made me hate him.

"'You are very kind to me,' I said. 'These jewels must have cost you hundreds of pounds.'

"'They did,' he replied, complacently, 'and I should not have cared if they had cost me hundreds more.'

"'You are willing to spend all this money,' I said, 'to make me happy?'

"'I would give my whole fortune to make you happy, Hester,' he said, earnestly.

"'You could make me the happiest girl in the wide world if you would,' I said.

"'Could I, Hester? Then be right sure I will,' he replied. 'How can I do it?'

"'By giving me back my freedom,' I cried. 'Oh, Mr. Blair, give me back my

freedom—my pledge! Believe me,' I cried, with passionate, blinding tears—'believe me that if I marry you I shall be the most miserable, the most wretched woman in the world! I shall be so miserable that life will lose every charm for me! I shall even forget how to smile. Be generous—be noble—release me without making my father suffer! I should be so grateful to you that my very gratitude would make me almost love you!'

"I have always thought that my words touched him, for he looked long and steadily at me.

"'You do not know what you ask me, Hester, you beautiful child,' he cried. 'No, I can not do it. I am tempted, I own—but no, you must be mine! I have set my whole heart upon winning you, and I must have my heart's desire.'

"'You will never be happy,' I sobbed, 'for I do not like you.'

"'I shall soon change the burden of that song,' he answered, with a smile, and I saw that my appeal, so far from being successful, had made him more determined than ever.

"'Do you know what happens when people marry without love?' I asked him.

"'Tell me, most sweet philosopher,' he answered.

"'They grow to hate each other,' I cried. 'I can imagine no greater misery than marriage without love.'

"'It will all come right,' he said; 'I have love enough for both of us.'

"'Will nothing persuade you you are doing the worst thing for yourself, as well as for me?' I cried.

"'No, my sweet Hester; leave yourself in my hands—nothing will cause me to change my mind.'

"We were married, and my husband took me to Italy for the honeymoon.

"It would be quite useless for me to tell you how much I suffered; how, as the days went on, I became more and more homesick; how I longed to run away; how I should have run away but for the constant watch he kept upon me. I wonder that I did not die of my own weariness and vexation. But the strange thing was this: the more dislike and aversion I showed to him the more passionately he loved me; nay, there were times when I fancied even that he enjoyed my dislike. I am bound in justice to own that he was most kind to me, most patient, most indulgent; but, do what I would, I could not conquer my dislike.

"We had been married some months, and I had grown pale and thin. I had forgotten how to smile—there was none of the old happy Hester left—and one morning my husband came to me. I was sitting listlessly enough, watching the picturesque crowd in the streets of old Verona.

"'Hester,' he said, 'you have not forgiven me yet for my offense in marrying you?'

"I answered, sullenly, 'No,' that I had foretold him I never should forgive him.

"'Even supposing that I made a mistake, Hester,' he said, 'you must admit that it was a generous one.'

"I cried out in indignant anger that so far from being a generous mistake it was the meanest a man ever made.

"'I am beginning to think that it was a mistake,' he said. 'I see it is impossible to buy love.'

"'I knew you would find it out,' I replied.

"'But, Hester,' he said, 'things may be better than this; I am sure they might. You are miserable, and, though I have the desire of my heart, I am not happy; try to be kind to me; you do not seem to realize that every cross look, every cold word, you give me, is a blow to me. You see, Hester, we are married; nothing can undo that fact; would it not be better now to make the best of it? would it not be better for you to try to be bright and happy, and learn to enjoy all the luxuries and beauties that surround you?'

"I cried out to him that I was sick at heart, and that I wanted to go back home; that I was wretched and miserable, that my heart longed for the old life and the old home.

"'Try to like me, child,' he said; 'the prospect is dreary enough, if we are to live always like this. I did not mean to make you miserable—I did not, indeed.'

"After that I tried my best; I tried to trample down the instinct which made me dislike him. I tried to do my duty to him; I tried to be kind to him, but it was not of much use. I could not kill that instinctive dislike, nor could I forgive him for what I considered his mean cruelty in marrying me.

"We spent some months in Italy, and then he took me home to Colde Fell. If marriage without love means misery, a home without love is even worse. Life was more bearable at Colde Fell; the house is a magnificent one, superly furnished, and standing amongst the loveliest scenery in Scotland. Life was more endurable, we went out very often—my husband held a high position—we frequented the best society, but nothing ever drew us nearer together. When we reached Colde Fell, I asked him to let me go home to see my father; he sneered at me.

"'You have had your own way, Hester,' he said, 'in everything; I shall have mine now. You love your father a thousand times better than you love me. You shall not go with my consent.'

"I went without, and he followed me. We had some terribly angry scenes at home, and life was never the same again to either of us.

"My father and Aunt Flora made up some kind of reconciliation between us, and we returned to Colde Fell. I never saw my father again; some few months afterward he was found dead in bed, and Aunt Flora did not live long afterward, so that the sacrifice of my life has been in vain.

"I was seventeen when I was married, and now I shall soon be twenty-one, so that I lived more than three years at Colde Fell. For the first year my husband was kind and patient, then he grew tired of it all, and began to dislike me quite as much as he had loved me."

CHAPTER X.

MARRIED LIFE.

"I HAD known only passive misery up to this time," said Mrs. Blair; "now my active misery began; my husband's love changed to dislike. I should think no two people in the world lived so unhappily together; we had no vulgar quarrels, and before others we kept up appearances; but when we were alone we seldom spoke to each other—indeed, we rarely met except when we went out visiting.

"So time passed on, and matters grew neither better nor worse. I went out a great deal, and I was very much admired. My husband was never jealous of me; we never had one word of disagreement on that point; he never reproached me with giving to any man one look or word that should not have been given; he had perfect confidence in me. Nothing happened until the tragedy of my husband's death.

"I have told you that we quarreled about the fatal dinner-party, but I swear to you that it was a kindly impulse that made me take the cup of coffee to him, and I had been thinking that when the visitors were gone I would speak to him. Something like pity stirred in my heart for him that night, but it all died when he pointed the finger of accusation at me.

"Perhaps," she added, sadly, "he may have believed that I did it, but he should have known me better."

She was silent then, her eyes fixed intently on the thoughtful face before her.

"And that," said Mr. Ross, "is the true story of your life—it holds nothing else?"

"No," she replied; "I have told you every detail."

"I cannot see anything in your life which seems in the least degree explanatory of the crime that has been committed, Mrs. Blair. You must have your own ideas. Tell me how you think this happened. Who do you think did it?"

The beautiful eyes she raised to his face were clear and full of wonder.

"I can not tell you," she answered; "I have not entertained a suspicion of any one; I have not in my own mind thought of any human being who would injure my husband. I am quite sure that the servants in the house were all devoted to him. What interest could any one of them have in putting an end to the life of a master who was kind and generous to them?"

"I think, Mrs. Blair, I am far more puzzled now than I was when I first undertook the case, I see no motive for the crime. I can see no solution of the mystery. It is all perfectly incomprehensible to me; I see no grounds of defense, nor do I see any grounds of accusation against you. Appearances are against you, but all the evidence that can be brought against you is purely circumstantial. It is a difficult case."

"I see it," she said, sadly; "but it is hard for me, Mr. Ross. I have done nothing on earth to deserve it. I am most certainly as innocent of all knowledge of the crime as an angel from heaven could be. It is bitterly, cruelly hard that I should have to suffer for what must be either the sin of another or an accident. Mr. Ross, do you think, on such evidence as will be brought against me—do you think that the jury would condemn me?"

"I do not like to arouse your fears, neither do I wish to give you any false hopes," he replied, sadly. "The case, as it stands against you, certainly looks desperate. I had hoped, in listening to the story of your life, that I should hear something which would at least be the ground-work of my defense, but the story is large enough; there is no element of love, jealousy or vengeance in it."

"If they find me guilty—guilty, mind you, when I am as innocent as a child—if they find me guilty, will they hang me?"

He started at the terrible abruptness of the question.

"I do not know," he replied.

"Tell me if there is even ever so remote a possibility of it. I would rather know the truth."

"There is a remote possibility of it," he said gloomily.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Who will save me from this terrible death?"

"I—if I can," replied Mr. Ross.

"And if you can not?" she said.

"Then, my dear lady, you must put your trust in God. Daniel cried to Him from the lions' den and He delivered him. The children of Israel cried to Him from the furnace of fire and He sent an angel to save them. Deliverance and safety may be sent to you even at the last hour."

"I prayed little in the days of my happiness or my prosperity."

"Pray all the more now," said the lawyer, kindly. "Our only hope is in Heaven."

The next moment he had gone, and number twenty-one was once more left alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEMALE REPUTATION.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motive, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration: Never use a lady's name at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes its poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words might bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SUNDIAL.—What an antique air had the now almost effaced sundials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coeval with that time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondce with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movements, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep! Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand, steal from his figure, and no pace perceived! What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. It spoke of moderate labors, of pleasures not protracted after sunset, of temperance and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN CHINA.—In China, drunkards, as well as total abstainers, are almost unknown. Gambling debts are pre-eminently debts of honor there, and are more willingly and speedily paid than any others. To pay them a Chinaman will pawn all his property, and even sell his children.

THE CAT'S EYE.—The cat's-eye is supposed to be particularly lucky to those born in the month of June, the ruby for July, the sapphire for September, and the opal for October. The topaz is November's stone and the turquoise December's. The pearl belongs to February and diamonds to April.

FLOWER BADGES OF NATIONS.—Some of the flower badges of countries and cities are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lys (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle.

KNOWN IN ANCIENT TIMES.—They began to have dressmakers' bills over 2,800 years before Christ. One of these bills, on a Chaldean tablet, has just been discovered. All the items on it prove the good taste and luxury of the people of those days. There were "ten white robes of the temple; eight robes of the house of his lady; ten collars of the house of his lady; ten pair gold collars, two white robes, two scented robes."

FRUIT TREES.—The German custom of some one going, in a state of nudity, at midnight on Christmas-eve, to bind the fruit trees with ropes of straw, or the frugal housewives shaking the crumbs from the table-cloth around their roots in order that they become more fruitful, clearly points to the mysterious influence attributed by the ancient Germans to the time of the Twelve Nights. In the Tyrol the fruit trees for a similar reason, are soundly beaten.

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY" A CLASSIC.—It is not generally known that "Humpty-Dumpty" was not originally a nursery rhyme, but a political satire at the expense of King James II. of England—Humpty-Dumpty being, of course, James himself; the wall the throne, and the king, whose men and horses are in vain brought into requisition, Louis XIV. of France. It was originally written in French; and later the quatrain had the honor of being turned into Latin elegiac verse by *Dr. Henry* Drury.

HEALTH IN A COAL MINE.—A physician asserts that disease is no more demolishing in its raids among the workers in coal pits than it is among the agriculturists and laborers. If one can be guided by statistics, the coal-dust atmosphere in which their life is passed has no element of any serious evil to them. It may not be pleasant, but it is not unhealthful; indeed, the actual death-rate of these miners is not abnormally high, even when it includes the fatal wholesale disasters which occur from time to time in the pits.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT.—A high seat called "kursi" is to be found in the courtyard of all well to-do houses in Cairo and other large towns of the East. It is occupied by the master of the house when deciding domestic affairs. Such seats are never wanting in the courtyard of the houses of the sheikhs, heads of tribes, or of persons in authority. The seat is placed in a shady part of the court, and judgment is delivered from it on matters which are brought for decision by the inhabitants of the district, or by members of the tribe over which the master of the house presides.

MATCHES.—The first match was the product of the ingenuity of John Frederick Komerer, who early in this century was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Hohensperg, in Germany. He invented the lucifer-match while in his gloomy dungeon. The German Government forbade the manufacture of matches on the ground of public policy, because some children playing with them had caused a fire. Komerer was ruined by Viennese competition when he was released from prison, and died a pauper. Up to 1862 the Vienna manufactures controlled the match business of the world.

SUGAR.—The introduction of sugar into England is often dated as late as the fifteenth century; but it was really in use there in the thirteenth. Zucre is mentioned in the wardrobe accounts under date of 1243, and in the same records have been discovered many allusions to the sugar-consuming propensities of the English Court in mediæval times. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there are entries of rose and of violet sugar, of sugar in tablets and in gilded wafers. When a Princess Mary went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury in 1317 the accounts record that she consoled herself for any mortifications she may have met on the road with five and one-half pounds of sugar tablets and eight and one-half pounds of rose sugar of honey. Other ancient sweetmeats mentioned in these old rolls are preserved ginger, citronade, candy and "penydes." The last named is supposed to have been a confection made from the cones of the common pine tree.

YESTERDAY.

BY E. E. NASH.

O sheltering fir-trees under the cliffs
  All aglow with the setting sun,
Did you shiver and moan when the night came on
  And the happy day was done?
Did the waves break sobbing along the shore
  As the light died over the bay
And a curlew echoed a mournful cry?
  Sweetheart, was it yesterday?

But I clasp a dead rosebud in my hand—
  The hand that you kissed last night—
And the words that you whispered are in my heart,
  Though a mist seems over my sight!
To-morrow will dawn, but mine eyes be dim
  With tears I can never shed,
For yesterday's love is buried deep,
  And yesterday's hope is dead!

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

HE LAID the letters before him without undoing the broad, black ribbon which bound them together. Was it not, after all, almost like sacrilege to look at them? It seemed to him that they were somehow sacred—sacred to the dead. If his father was living would he have them opened? And yet, on the other hand, it was no curiosity which was prompting him. He had no wish—he rather felt a shrinking from any attempt—to bring into the light of day a past which his father had left buried. But there were other things to be thought of. There was guilt to be punished and a hideous crime had gone unpunished. There was more, too; there was a vague suspicion floating in the mind of one person at least too horrible to be breathed, too horrible for him to accept even for a single second. But a time might come when it would be better that he could of his own knowledge turn upon it the ridicule which it merited. The time might come when, as well as avenger he might have to play the part of defender, and it would be well for him to be prepared. He hesitated no longer. It seemed to him that his duty lay plain before him.

And yet his fingers trembled a little as he untied the ribbon. It seemed to him so like desecration—so like doing a mean action for expediency's sake. But it must be done—it was done. The six or seven letters, yellow with age, and emitting a faint musky perfume, lay open before him, and the photograph was in his hands.

It had been taken out of doors—probably by an amateur—for there was no photographer's name at the back, and no address. But it had been very well taken. Many years old though it must have been, the figures were still distinct and unfaded, and Lord Clanavon felt a strange sensation creeping over him as he gazed at them. It was his father—he knew that in a moment; but the woman! Who was she?

His hand trembled a little as he laid it down. His mind had been full of something of this sort when he commenced his search, but the discovery was a shock to him. He told himself that he had expected it, that if he had not found it he would have been disappointed. But none the less in his heart he knew that it was a great shock. He, himself, was no Puritan, but there were some sins, taken often as a matter of course by young men in his position, to which he had never stooped. He had no very high ideals in life, and it had been, perhaps, somewhat a selfish one—at any rate, only negatively good. But he had a strong sense of right and wrong, and a strong will to back up his knowledge; and while his life was only negatively good, it had ever been positively bad. And so this photograph and those letters breathing out a faint delicate odor of some unknown perfume seemed very terrible to him.

He looked again into the face of the woman who was standing with her hand resting upon his father's shoulder. Yes, she was beautiful; there was no denying it. There was witchery in those large full eyes and in the delicate curve of the little mouth, witchery in the fair hair which floated around her oval face and in the tall, supple figure. Whether it was the face of a good woman or no it was the face of a beautiful one.

He took up one of the letters and opened it with less reverence than he would have done had he not seen the photograph. As he read, his cheeks burned with a sort of shame that he should be reading that what was so evidently only meant for the eyes of one—and that one his father! It was a passionate love-letter, written in French, and signed simply, "Cecile."

Two other were in the same strain, and similarly devoid of anything which could help him in the least. Toward the close of the third, however, there was a passage which he read twice over:

"And you will be here the day after to-morrow. Ah! it seems too great happiness to think of it! How I long to see you, Bernard, and how weary the days seemed when you have been so far away, and I have been shut up here alone with mon pere and with Marie! There have been so many things to worry and perplex me. One of these I must tell you, dearest, and—you will not be cross with your Cecile—I must ask you a favor. It is about Marie, Bernard. When you first came to see us I almost fancied sometimes that it was for her you cared. You talked to her so often—much oftener than to me, and, Bernard, I think that she fancied so, too. Her whole manner has changed to me, since—you know when. I fear that she is jealous; nay, I know it. She seems to think that I have stolen your love away from her. Tell me, dearest, is it so? Did you ever care for her?

* * * * * *

My father is much brighter, and says that his trouble has passed away; and Bernard, he says that it is you who have made him so much happier. I fear that you have been sending him money, and, dearest, I wish that you would not; it all goes like water. It seems as though he were born to be in difficulties; and though it is very sweet to me in one way to think of you as being our preserver, still it makes me ashamed and unhappy. You give all, and what return can you have? Only my love, and that is yours forever and ever in any case."

There was another letter—the last of the packet—written in a different handwriting, and very much shorter than the others. Its first sentence was a shock to him, greater by far than any which he had yet received. Unlike the others, it was dated and bore an address:

"18 RUE DE ST. PIERRE, PARIS, May 5,—8

My sister Cecile died yesterday afternoon in my arms. It was her wish, a few hours before the end came, that I should send for you, but it was impossible that you could arrive in time, I did not trouble you. The message she left fell upon deaf ears, as you may be sure that you will never receive them from me. Had she lived a little longer she would doubtless have lived to curse your memory, as I do.

MARIE."

"P. S.—I enclose a copy of her death certificate."

But the greatest surprise of all was to come. There remained one more paper in the little bundle, and surely the most important was the last. It was a copy of a marriage certificate between Bernard Clanavon, bachelor, and Cecile Maurice, spinster, at an English church in the suburbs of Paris, thirty years ago.

* * * * * *

Lord Clanavon sat for more than an hour deep in thought. He had unearthed a secret which greatly disturbed him and which did not throw the faintest light upon the quest. This early marriage of his father's was a thing long since past and buried. If there had been no marriage, and if she who signed herself Cecile had been living, there might have been a clew; but as it was the whole thing was like a story finished, a page turned over forever. After so long a lapse of years what could have survived from this apparently ill-fated marriage which could in any way have cast a shadow so far into the future? As he folded the little bundle of papers up and placed them in his pocket Lord Clanavon felt that he would have given much never to have found them.

There was nothing else to examine in the room. He strolled aimlessly around, looking at the pictures and out of the windows at the fine sea view. As he turned round he trod upon a newspaper, and with a very weak curiosity he stooped and picked it up. At the first glance he knitted his brows, perplexed, and turned it over rapidly. Then he gave a quick start of surprise, and a sudden flash of excitement flashed into his eyes.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "there's some mystery here, after all. Eight months, Mrs. Smith tells me, this room has been locked up, and on the floor here is last week's "Times!""

CHAPTER XXV.

"THANK GOD THAT HE HAS GONE!"

FOR SOME time Lord Clanavon stood with the paper in his hand doubtful how to act. Then he quietly dropped it again where he had found it and strolled away to another part of the room. When Mrs. Smith entered, a few minutes later, with the luncheon tray, he did not even mention the subject.

"Not at all an unpleasant room, this," he remarked, as she commenced setting out the things; "but where did my father sleep when he came down here?"

He was watching her very closely, and could detect a slight uneasiness in her manner as she answered, after a moment's hesitation:

"In here, sir. There is a sort of a chair bedstead stands in my room, and he used to have that brought here. If you are spending the night here, my lord——"

"I am not," he interrupted. "I shall be leaving this afternoon."

It was impossible for Mrs. Smith to altogether conceal her relief. Lord Clanavon noticed her changed aspect, but he made no remark.

"This is a very queer old place, Mrs. Smith," he remarked.

"It is, my lord, very old-fashioned, and I'm sure the damp is something awful. In the wet weather I'm most of the time down with rheumatics. For them who's not used to such places it must be most unhealthy."

He turned away to hide a slight smile.

"I'm not surprised to hear it, Mrs. Smith," he said gravely. "By the bye, when I was a youngster I used to hear some queer stories about the place—or was it my fancy? Aren't there some secret rooms in this tower, and a passage leading somewhere or other? I fancy I used to hear my father talk about them."

He strolled away to the window, but had carefully placed himself opposite a small mirror. In it he saw the sudden start which had set all the ribbons in her cap rustling, and watched the deadly pallor creep into her wrinkled face. It was enough for him. He forbore to turn around, and stood idly gazing out of the window, as though the matter were of small interest to him.

"It must be—a mistake, my lord. I have never heard of any."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Very likely. If you have never heard of any it must have been. Well, I'll have some luncheon now, and then finish looking through these papers. I expect a fly or carriage of some sort here about four o'clock. Will you let me know when it is here, and bring me a cup of tea?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else I can do now?"

"Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Smith. Your chickens look very good, and the air has given me an appetite. Where did this claret come from?"

"Your father had it sent here, my lord, several years ago. There is a great deal of it in the cellar."

"I'm very glad to hear it," he answered, emptying his glass. "I think I'll have it sent back to London, as I don't intend coming down here again. It's too good to lose sight of. There's nothing else at present, Mrs. Smith."

"Very good, my lord. I'm sorry you'll find there's no bell; but I'll come for the tray in half an hour."

She left him alone, closing the door carefully after her. When she returned he had finished his lunch and was seated once more at the writing table. This time, as he appeared to be busy, there was no conversation between them. She cleared the things away in silence and departed.

He waited until she had got out of hearing before he moved. Then he lit a cigar, and, opening the door, walked out into the corridor connecting the tower with the main building. A few yards down it there was a great fissure in the inland wall. He leaned over this, and folding his arms upon the stonework looked thoughtfully at the tower.

Two things struck him about it: First, that taking into account the small size of the room which he had just quitted, the walls must either be of extraordinary thickness, or there must be some hollow space between; secondly, that from its great height, and the fact of the only room in it being right at the top, it had probably been built for a watch-tower. The last theory made the possibility of the existence of any secret rooms about the place somewhat unlikely. Yet it seemed a very feasible one; for a strong light burning in that little chamber at the top of the tower would cast its reflection far over the sea which rolled in to its very base.

If there had been time, and if he could have been sure that Mrs. Smith was not watching him, he would have liked by some means to go down on the beach below, and examine the tower from its base. But glancing at his watch, he saw that there was scarcely time for this, so he determined to put the plan which he had previously determined upon into execution. He walked back into the room, and, throwing away his cigar, carefully examined the walls on the north side. He tried them inch by inch all the way along without result. They were perfectly solid stone and mortar. He looked all round the fireplace; it was even more unpromising. Then he tried the walls on the other side, though he hoped for a little from these, for from the window he could tell that there was not much space for a passage of any sort between the inside and outside of the wall. Finally he concluded his search with a shrug of the shoulders, and confessed himself beaten—for the time.

He lit another cigar, and sitting down in the easy chair, once more read through the little packet of letters which he had secured. They told him so little, and yet so much. He could scarcely see, now that he had them, how to act. It was all vague and unsatisfactory. In his heart he knew that he was sorry that he had found them. It was a chapter of his father's life which had better have been kept closed forever. Had it not been for that marriage certificate—had there been mention of an angry father or brother, of the disgrace which, save for that slip of paper, he might have brought upon that dead woman and her family—then it might have been possible to connect this incident with his father's murder, and thus he might have hunted down the assassin. But as it was it seemed to him impossible to do so. This was an episode, a startling episode, but it had a finite ending. It was finished and done with. There was no point in it which he could lay hold of and follow out with any hope of its leading him to a definite clew.

Four o'clock came, and soon afterward Mrs. Smith knocked at the door and entered, carrying a small bag.

"The fly from Mewlton has arrived, my lord, and I have brought you your tea."

He drank it, then carefully locked up the writing-desk, and prepared to depart.

"I shall send down here some time, Mrs. Smith," he said, "for the papers in that desk. I will let you know when. Or perhaps I may write and ask you to forward them. You will be able to do that?"

"Certainly, my lord. I would use great care."

He drew on his overcoat, and then swung the key thoughtfully backward and forward upon his finger.

"Perhaps," he said, "until I do so I had better take the key and let Mr. Brudnell have it."

She seemed a little disturbed, and there was an anxious gleam in her eyes. But she struggled to hide it.

"It would be perfectly safe here, my lord, where you found it. It would not let it out of my sight."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Smith," he said, walking by her side down the corridor; "but lawyers are very particular sort of people, you know, and there are important papers in that desk. I think, in fact, I know, that Mr. Brudnell would prefer having the key himself."

"Very good, my lord." They passed through the gallery and the dreary succession of uninhabited and uninhabitable rooms, and out into the yard, where a closed fly, drawn by a pair of nondescripts—one pony and a horse—was waiting. Lord Alcaston took his seat at once, and made his adieus to Mrs. Smith from the window.

"Good-day, Mrs. Smith. Much obliged for your attention."

"Good-day, my lord, and thank you."

She dropped him an old-fashioned courtesy and stood with a very forced smile on her lips, till the carriage drove off. As it vanished her whole appearance changed. She had stood watching the vehicle with a fixed eager gaze, which changed the moment it finally disappeared into a look of intense relief. The tears glistened in her eyes and her lips trembled. It had been a great strain on her, but, thank God! it was over. He had gone. Thank God for it!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SPRING DOOR.

THE carriage which was conveying Lord Alcaston back toward more civilized regions had scarcely proceeded more

than a couple of miles when its occupant thrust his head out of the window and called to the driver to stop. The man pulled up at once and turned round to find that his lordship had dismounted and was standing by his side.

"Look here, my man," he said slowly, "do you want to earn a sovereign?"

"I shouldn't make no objection to that, your lordship," answered the man, touching his hat with a broad grin of anticipation. By his accent and readiness of speech he was evidently no provincial.

"Very well, then, listen to me, and I'll tell you how," Lord Alceston continued. "I've altered my mind about going away to-day. Don't ask any questions, but just do as I tell you. Drive back to the inn, and simply say that you were not wanted, but are to come to the castle for me to-morrow morning. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, your lordship. Am I to drive you back to the castle now, or leave you here?"

"You are to leave me here. I shall return on foot."

"Very good, your lordship," the man answered, gathering up his reins.

"You can go."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Then why don't you start?"

The man touched his hat and smiled insinuatingly.

"There was a small amount to be earned, your lordship."

"And you want it in advance, do you?" Lord Alceston remarked, smiling and feeling in his pocket.

"Well, it's like this, your lordship," the man said, confidentially, "they might not put me on the job to-morrow, and then, you see——"

Lord Alceston handed him up the coin.

"There you are, then. You're no fool, I see. Remember to keep a still tongue in your head."

"There ain't no fear, your lordship. I knows wot I'm to say, and no more. I wish your lordship good-afternoon.

The man drove off and left Lord Alceston standing in the middle of the road. It was barely five o'clock, but it was already almost dark. Buttoning up his coat, he turned round, and with the wind in his teeth, started back toward the castle. In about half an hour he had reached the side of the cliff fronting the bay, immediately above the cottages, and about a quarter of a mile from the castle, which was now in full view.

He looked first at the tower. There was no light there. He drew a quick breath of disappointment, although it was only what he expected. He looked around him, and choosing a flat rock, a little sheltered from the wind, he sat down and lit a cigar.

An hour passed, two hours—three hours. Lord Alceston was smoking his last cigar, his feet were numbed with cold, and his patience was almost exhausted. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a quick exclamation. A light had suddenly appeared in the dark outline before him, and after twinkling unsteadily for a minute or two had settled down to burn with a clear, steady glow. He threw away his cigar and watched it with a peculiar smile. There could be no possible doubt about it. It came from the chamber in the tower, the key of which was at that very moment in his pocket.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Smith was setting alone in her room, half parlor, half kitchen, with her eyes closed and her hands idle in her lap. Before her on the oaken table was an open Bible, a lamp, and her knitting, but neither had received very much attention from her. She was an old woman, and for her it had been a terrible day. The suspense had wearied her, and now that it was over she was feeling the strain. But she was very grateful. She felt that she had reason to be, and she was genuinely grateful.

Hark! What was that? Surely not a clicking of the latch! It must have been the wind—a mouse. Hark! Was that not a footstep on the stone flags? Some one had entered the house—was closing the door. Oh, God, if it should be he, come back!

She clutched the side of her hair, and slowly opened her eyes. Before her, his tossed by the wind and the rain streaming from his clothes, stood Lord Alceston, with pale set face, and holding something in his right hand which flashed and gleamed in the dancing firelight. She looked at him, dumb, her eyes glazed with an unutterable horror and her aged limbs shaking. It was an awful moment. The perspiration stood in great beads on her dry, wrinkled forehead. Often afterward she wandered that the strings of her life had not snapped with the tension. It was enough to kill her.

His voice broke the spell which had numbed all her senses.

"Mrs. Smith," he said, sternly, "you have lied to me about that room. There is some one in there now. I am going to solve this mystery for myself."

Consciousness had come to her like a flash. She knew what it was he proposed to do; she foresaw the result. She saw the stern, set look in his face and the barrel of the revolver in his hand. It was the face of a man undaunted, indomitable, fearless. Yet she tried her best.

She threw herself on her knees before him. She grovelled at his feet.

"My lord," she cried. "Listen to me! Be warned! As sure as there is a God in Heaven I swear to you that you will be repent it every day of your life if you do this thing!"

He looked at her curiously, but utterly unmoved.

"Though I face death itself I shall go to that room and discover its occupant," he said quietly. "You have done ill in keeping this thing secret from me, whatever it be, and if you have made my house the refuge of criminals you shall answer for it, old woman though you are. Get up. You do no good there."

She sprang toward him and wound her arms around his neck to hold him back. He disengaged himself as gently as he could, but still with some little force. With a shriek which rang through the bare rooms and empty ruined corridors and awoke a thousand strange echoes at every corner, she sank back upon the bare stone floor fainting.

He hesitated, but it was only for a second. She must take her chance. He could do little for her if he stayed, and if the sound of her cry had reached the tower he might find the occupant fled. Catching up the lamp in his left hand, he hurried away along the wide gallery.

Twice he lost his way and had to retrace his steps, and many times he stumbled over the startled rats and nearly fell. At last he reached the ruined corridors leading to the tower, and his heart gave a great leap. He strode along with the key ready in his hand. When he reached the part where there was a great gap in the side and roof the wind blew his lamp out. He threw it away over the side, and heard it go crashing down below. With his free hand he drew his revolver from his pocket and hurried on.

He reached the door and thrust the key in the lock. It was stiff and creaked in the turning. There was a sound from inside like a sharp report. Lord Clanavon, with a final wrench, threw the door open and stepped quickly inside.

A lamp was burning on the table which had been his father's, and a book lay open beside it. There was a strong smell of tobacco in the room, and there were other evidences of recent occupation. But the room had no occupant. It was empty.

Lord Alceston looked eagerly around for some clew as to the means by which the mysterious occupant had escaped him. Suddenly a certain part of the floor attracted his notice. The carpet was all disarranged and two of the oaken beams were ajar from a certain point, as though on a hinge. He stooped down to examine them closer and saw at once they formed a trap-door. He lifted it, and below was an iron ladder leading into darkness as black as night.

He did not hesitate for more than a moment. Then slipping his revolver into his pocket and grasping the sides of the ladder with both hands, he commenced the descent. Five, six, seven, eight steps he counted. Then it began to get a little lighter, and from the ninth he stepped off on to some sort of flooring. There was no sound, no sign of any one else being near.

He struck a match and looked curiously about him. He was in a chamber similar in shape to, only smaller than, the one which he had just quitted, but windowless, and with no signs of ever having been regularly used as a human habitation. The walls were damp and spotted with fungi and huge cobwebs, the floor was rough and uneven, and a vault-like, musty smell filled the place. The only light came from opening in the wall on the seaward side, which seemed also to afford the sole means of ventilation.

A little heap in the far corner attracted Lord Clanavon's attention, and he made his way carefully toward it. Unfit though the place was, it had evidently been used by some one as a temporary lodging, for here in the driest portion were a heap of bedclothes, linen, and a few other articles bundled together, as though in great haste, with the view of hiding them. Directly he saw them Lord Clanavon knew that the object of his search could not be far away.

He struck another match, and looked around to see what means of exit the place afforded. Almost opposite him was a small wooden door, rotten with age and tottering on its hinges. Some efforts seemed to have been made to strengthen it, for sprung iron hooks were roughly tied up with rope, but there was neither lock nor bolt to it.

Lord Clanavon looked at it for a minute, and then took a quick step forward and lit another match. There was no doubt about it. The door was shaking slightly backward and forward, as though held on the other side by an unsteady hand. Drawing a step nearer, and listening, he could hear a faint, low sound—the sound of an exhausted and panting man struggling to hold his breath.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

It did not take Lord Alceston long to make up his mind as to what course to adopt. Dropping the match which he had been holding upon the ground, he strode up to the door and leaned his shoulders against it.

"Whoever you are," he cried, "you had better come out and let me see you! If you don't I shall burst the door!"

There was no answer, save a half-stifled moan. Lord Alceston planted his feet firmly upon the ground and prepared for the struggle.

"I warn you to stand aside!" he called out. "I am going to have this door open!"

Again there was no answer. Lord Alceston wasted no more time in parleyings. Setting his teeth, he commenced the struggle.

He did not find the task of overcoming his unseen adversary quite so easy as he had expected. For nearly a minute he put forth his whole strength, but his feet slipped more than once on the damp slippery ground, and when on the eve of success he had lost his advantage and had been obliged to make a fresh start. The labored breath and groans of his adversary told him that he was in sore distress, but nevertheless he held on, and though the door creaked and trembled with the strain put upon it, it never budged an inch.

Breathless himself, Lord Alceston relinquished his efforts, and after a moment's consideration changed his tactics. Stepping back into the room, he took a few yards' run, and charged the door with irresistible force. The result was an unexpected one. The door went down before him with a crash, and he, not being prepared for such an easy victory, overbalanced himself and fell heavily upon it.

He picked himself up at once, unhurt, but a trifle dizzy. The reason of his fall was obvious. The opposing force which had been holding the door up had vanished. His adversary had fled.

He stood quite still for a moment, leaning forward into the darkness and listening intently. At first it seemed to him that the silence was as the silence of the grave; then as his senses grew a little more accustomed to his surroundings, he could faintly hear the sound of steadily retreating footsteps.

His first impulse was to leap forward in the direction from which the sound came, and follow it in blind pursuit. Then he hesitated, for he was in black darkness, unrelieved by a single gleam of light. Feeling hastily in his pocket, he found his match-box—fortunately full—and, striking a light, held it high over his head.

He glanced around in hasty curiosity. The faint, flickering light was just sufficient to show him the bare, damp walls of a winding passage about six feet broad and scarcely so high—nothing else.

After a momentary glance he threw the match down, and stooping low to avoid knocking his head against the roof, he turned and hurried in the direction of the fleeting footsteps, now almost indistinguishable.

It was a chase which he remembered all his life—and with reason. More than once he missed his footing on the wet, slimy earth and fell forward on his hands. But the sound, now plainly to be heard, of the hurrying footsteps in front was enough to spur him on again, heedless of his aching limbs and cut hands. He ran into the jagged walls at sharp curves, bruising his face and arms, and at times he felt almost choked by the noxious air. But he never dreamed of giving up the chase. So far from that, every fall seemed to make him more eager and to lend him renewed strength.

Beneath a somewhat careless and insouciante manner, acquired during his travels abroad, Lord Alceston was a thorough Englishman, and was possessed of a bull-dog tenacity of purpose. All this part of him was aroused now. Anger and surprise had become merged in another and a stronger feeling. There had been a conspiracy to deceive him! His property was being made the refuge of one who dared not live in the light of day—who was presumably a criminal; and, most heinous offence of all, his permission had not been asked! The shelter of his roof had been taken advantage of by stealth. Lord Alceston was very angry indeed. Danger and discomfort were alike forgotten. There was only one thought in his mind, and one purpose; and he meant to accomplish it.

Suddenly, the intense vault-like stillness of the place was broken by a strange, awful sound reaching him, faintly at first, but increasing in volume at every step forward he took. There is a sensation akin to fear, yet apart from cowardice—awe. Lord Alceston felt it as he paused and listened with bated breath. At first it sounded like the low rumbling of a threatened earthquake—like the thunderous splitting up of hills and mountains and the parting asunder of the solid earth. He stood quite still for a moment, listening intently. The ground beneath his feet was soft and wet; the walls were glistening with drops of wet which seemed to be oozing out from them. He put his foot on a soft, pulpish substance, and saw that it was a starfish clinging to a mass of dull brown, dank seaweed. Then the truth flashed in upon him, and he understood at once that low rumbling sound which seemed to make the walls of the passage shake and groan—this underground passage must lead to the sea.

He pushed on again without hesitation. Drowned in the monotonous roar which was singing now in his ears, he had no longer the sound of the footsteps in front to encourage him. But a few more yards along the passage brought him within measurable distance of the end of his quest. The passage contracted into an opening scarcely wide enough for a man to creep through. Without a moment's pause he crawled through. Then he saw that he could go but a little further, for scarcely a dozen yards in front of him was another wider opening, like the mouth of a cave, and beyond there was the sea.

Lord Alceston stood upright, and looked eagerly around him. In the dusky semi-twilight it was hard to make out at all the shapeless objects which loomed about him. By degrees, however, as his eyes grew more accustomed to the light, they stood out clearer, and he began to take in his surroundings. He was in a cave, a low, sea-stained cave, terminating in the aperture by which he had entered. The sides were dripping with wet, and, the ground, strewn with sea-weed and dark puddles, showed him that at high tide the sea entered. Several huge mounds of rock jutted up by his side in queer, fantastic shapes. Save for the dripping of the water into the puddles from the roof and sides of the cave, and the more distant ebb and flow of the sea, a deep, gloomy silence seemed to brood over the place. Nowhere was there any sign of any human being.

He had already taken one hasty step forward toward the entrance when a curious phenomenon presented itself. From behind one of the masses of rock, on his left-hand side, he became suddenly aware of a pair of bright, glistening eyes fastened upon him. At first he was almost inclined to think that they were starfish, but while he hesitated the dark, thin figure of a man stole out from behind the shelter of the rock and darted toward the aperture of the secret passage. Before he had taken half a dozen steps, however, Lord Alceston's right arm was wound around his neck, and he felt himself lifted bodily from his feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A curious inventory comes from a Kentucky paper, which proves that the Kentucky girls do not suffer for want of attention from the opposite sex. Says the paper: "A Catlettsburg man sent his sofa to a furniture dealer to be renovated; the following articles were found between the back and cushion: Forty-seven hairpins, three moustache combs, nineteen suspender buttons, thirteen needles, thirty-five cigarettes, eight photographs, 217 pins, seventy-six grains of coffee, forty-seven cloves, twenty-seven cuff buttons, six pocket knives, fifteen poker chips, a vial of homœopathic medicine, thirty-four lumps of chewing gum, fifty-nine toothpicks, twenty-eight matches, thirty-nine collar buttons, eleven neckties, two love letters, a few pieces of candy, two dimes, three quarters, one nickel, eight buckles, five lead pencils, one pen and four button hooks."

BYGONE DAYS.

BY HELEN WILKIE.

Could I but hear the voice once more
That thrilled my heart in days of yore,
Its sweet, pathetic, tender power
Would soothe my spirit's darkest hour.

Before those notes of joy or pain,
The warbling bird would cease its strain;
And hov'ring lightly on the wing,
Enraptured, hear its rival sing.

Oh, wondrous power, sweet gift divine!
For which my wearied soul doth pine;
Oh, may I hear its sounds on High,
Mid angels' voices in the sky.

A SIN ATONED.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN GERARD had watched the carriage out of sight, he went back into the house, not feeling quite comfortable in his mind. He was certainly in a very awkward position. He was in a strait betwixt two, and it would serve him right if, between the pair of them, he fell to the ground.

He thought what a fool he was, for the five hundredth time since his return from the East. What an utter idiot he had proved himself! As if there could be any earthly need for him to compromise himself when he was engaged to another woman! And then he began to think of Gladys's hardness to him, and to excuse himself for the fix he had put himself into with regard to Chrystal Coley.

Of course, he argued, if Gladys had shown the sweet womanly forgiveness, that tender overlooking of everything disagreeable, that forgetfulness of past unkindness and general effacement of self, which are the especial glory of womanhood, he would have been spared all this annoyance—this worse than annoyance, this miserable position, from which he could not extricate himself without making an enemy of one of the two girls whom he had asked to marry him.

Gerard did not exactly put his mental arguments in those precise words; but that was the general idea with which he contrived to soothe his conscience and satisfy that inward sense which he was pleased to call his honor.

He dawdled through the afternoon somehow, and uttered a sigh of relief—followed it must be owned by another of compunction—when, between four and five, Gladys and one or two of the hunting-party returned. Gladys was speaking to George Lorrimor as they entered the hall.

"Yes, in time for dinner, I expect," she said, evidently in answer to some remark of his.

"Is that a new visitor?" Gerard asked.

"Oh, are you there, Gerard?" she said, peering about her in the blazing light. "Yes. Lord Sweetwilliam is coming this afternoon. Did you not know it?"

"No—never heard that you knew him. I remember he tipped me a sovereign once at Eton. Thought he was dead long ago."

"Oh, the old lord! Yes, of course he is; I believe he died five or six years ago. This is a son of Greville's."

"Oh, I see! Quite young, then?"

"Yes."

Miss Hawthorndean had walked straight to the fire, and stood trying to remove her gloves from her half-frozen hands.

"Can I help you?" Gerard asked courteously.

She held out her hand at once.

"I am so tired," she said plaintively, and looking up at him as a wearied child might do. "And my hands are so cold!"

He chafed her little cold hands between his warm ones, and presently he slipped off the gloves.

"Thank you," said Gladys gratefully, holding her hands out to the blazing fire.

"Are you going to have nothing to eat?" he asked, taking courage from the incident of the hand-writing.

"I dare say they will bring some tea," she answered; "and, you know, we all had sherry and sandwiches with us."

She had taken off her hat by that time, and established herself in a chair close to the fire. Gerard took possession of one next to hers, and Mr. Lorrimor, being too tired—too lazy, Gladys said—to fetch a chair from the other side of the hall, squatted down in the middle of the great bearskin hearthrug and roasted himself to his heart's content.

"Where's Coley?" Gerard asked presently, when they were having tea.

"Gone round by way of the Vicarage, I should think," Gladys answered, with a laugh.

"What an impressionable family they are!" put in Lorrimor.

Gerard winced, and wondered if he had noticed anything that went on the previous night.

"Who are they?" asked a voice at the door leading into the outer hall.

"The Smiths of Culverhampton," answered Mr. Lorrimor promptly. "Come in, Miss Coley. Have you been for a drive?"

"Yes, and we are nearly perished with the cold," she replied. "Mother and Mrs. McDonald are being lifted out in a state of crystallisation. Oh, no—here they are! Why, where's Jack?"

"Gone round to the Vicarage," Gladys answered.

"Poor Jack! Ah, I'm afraid we're like the Smiths of Culverhampton—a sadly impressionable family," she laughed.

"You'll have to alter all that when you're married," said Gladys gravely.

"Ah, yes—when I'm married!"—with a look—the first she had given—towards Gerard.

Gerard caught the look; but he turned his eyes discreetly in the direction of his fiancee's face, and wished she would not be quite so hard on him. There is no doubt that he was in love with her as he had never been with any other woman during his whole life; and equally certain was it that he was not in love with Chrystal at all. She was very pretty—a meek, yielding, soft, impressionable little girl, of the kind highly dangerous to the peace of mind of the sterner sex, but not calculated to leave a very lasting impression when their presence was removed; and, although Gerard knew that he could no more resist meeting her on her own ground, and flirting with her as much as she flirted with him, he was equally certain that, so far from breaking his heart if he never saw her again, he should hardly think of her with regret.

Gerard went up to dress that evening sorely puzzled. He did not know what the end of all this coldness and this shilly-shallying would be; he really was afraid to look into the future; and there was only one thing of which he was absolutely certain, and that was that he would not again ask Chrystal Coley such an idiotic and absurd question as he had put to her in the boudoir that morning. Having made up his mind so far, he went, feeling fully strengthened and fortified, into the drawing-room.

Miss Hawthorndean and the new arrival were the only occupants of the room when Gerard entered it. Gladys rose at once, and introduced them with a few graceful words. They met with the usual politeness newly acquainted Englishmen show to one another.

"How do you do?" asked Gerard.

"Thanks," Lord Sweetwilliam returned. "Congratulate you."

"Ah, thanks!" said Gerard pleasantly.

"Here is Chrystal," said Gladys.

Chrystal's approach was heralded by such a rustle of silk that Gerard turned instinctively to look at her, though he had previously determined to do nothing of the kind. However, in spite of good and determined vows to the contrary, he did turn his head, and an angry indignant pang shot through his heart at the sight of her.

"Little flirt!" he said within himself angrily.

Before he had only seen her dressed in black, for she was in mourning; but that night she appeared in a lovely dress of white silk, profusely adorned with some soft thick fringe, which looked, Gerard thought, like velvet, and which was in fact chenille. She wore a huge pearl, apparently without setting of any kind, at each ear, and a string of large pearls, fastened by a diamond clasp, round her throat; and, worst of all, she had on the third finger of her left hand a ring set with a cluster of diamonds. That Gerard had not seen before.

And, oh, how he revolted at the conscious sidling way in which the little minx entered, with first a half glance at him, and then a whole glance at Lord Sweetwilliam!

Gerard leaned against the end of the high carved chimney-shelf, with his hands behind him, in an attitude of elegant ease and nonchalance; but how those hands clenched themselves in a perfect fury against the little dark-eyed girl body coquetting with the new guest no one but himself ever new. Heavens, what a fool she had made of him! Why, the little monkey was actually engaged to Sweetwilliam all the time, and had been laughing in her sleeve at him ever since he came into the house.

Then a ray of sunlight crept into his heart, as it occurred to him that this very engagement would relieve him of all his vexations and troubles—that the best way would be to treat it all as a joke. Well, that was a comfort certainly; and yet what an utter fool she had made of him!

Still he slipped out of the difficulty more gracefully than at one time had seemed possible. He seized an opportunity when Sweetwilliam was, for a moment, absent from Chrystal's side, and went quietly to the couch and seated himself beside her.

"Look here, Chrystal," he said coolly, and in the most matter-of-fact tone he could assume, "if you'll throw Sweetwilliam over, I'll give Gladys up."

"Oh, but I won't!" she responded quickly.

"I didn't suppose you would," Gerard laughed; "but I thought it only polite to ask you."

"Ah, I told you Gladys would be in the ascendency before very long!" Chrystal said teasingly. "In fact, I don't believe she was ever anything else!"

"No; I don't believe she was," he admitted.

CHAPTER IX.

YET NOTWITHSTANDING that the Coley-Fane flirtation was closed up in a manner so highly satisfactory, the path of Gerald's life did not give any promise of becoming smoother. In truth it grew rougher every day—rougher and more impracticable.

When any one was within hearing Gladys was so nice, so pleasant, and so friendly, that he began to think her anger was melting. Yet always, as soon as they were left alone, the mask of frigidity he had learned to dread so much was resumed, and he felt he was as far from winning back his old place in her heart as he had ever been.

As the weeks wore on, and the Christmas and New Year's festivities passed over, Gerard's feelings grew more and more unhappy and strange. He felt like a man in a dream; everything seemed so unreal and so improbable.

On Christmas and New Year's mornings he had found on his plate, when he came down to breakfast, valuable gifts from Gladys—on the former morning a pearl and diamond pin, and on the latter a set of studs and sleeve-links to match.

Poor Gerard! He had impulsively gone round the table to thank her; she looked so smiling and pleasant. But, although she certainly put her fingers into his, they might have been those of a dead woman for all the pressure they gave.

And so his dreamlike, unreal, false life went on until the marriage-day was close at hand. He did not stay the whole time at Hawthorndean. He had been several times in town, as indeed had Gladys; and there had been long consultations with the family lawyer, long mornings when Gerard had waited patiently in the great West End shops while Gladys and Mrs. McDonald spent almost a fortune on bridal finery, and very often whole days during which he never saw them at all. But he always noticed these same evenings that Gladys looked especially tired, and, on inquiry, he found that she had been in the merciless hands of dressmakers.

At length the three months of their engagement were ended, and the last day had come. Hawthorndean was filled with guests from attic to cellar—literally to the cellar; for there were not enough bedrooms for the visitors' servants, and two of the maids had turned out of theirs, and made for themselves a very comfortable sleeping apartment in the driest and warmest of the wine cellars; not however without a great amount of scolding from Gladys, and a very much greater amount of persuasion and many promises to be "very careful" to the butler.

"I consider it extremely foolish!" Miss Hawthorndean said, after a reluctant consent had been won from her. "You know very well that they will take you in with pleasure at the Vicarage!"

"Yes; but Miss Gladys," one of the twain replied, "we don't have a wedding every day; and, if we go to sleep at the Vicarage, we shall have to leave the party ever so much earlier than if we sleep at home."

"Very well—do as you like," Gladys answered, with a laugh; "only, if one or both of you should happen to have rheumatic fever, remember that I have had nothing to do with it."

"Rheumatic fever!" the two girls cried in a breath, and with the contempt youth has for bodily ailments of any kind.

"How fond they are of you!" said Gerard wistfully, when the maids had departed.

"Yes," returned Gladys briefly.

"It's wonderful how the people about the place worship you," he continued.

"Oh, very nice!" laughed Gladys sarcastically.

"I am sure it is nice when every one about you loves you, and shows it," he maintained stoutly, intending the next moment to make a last effort to gain his old place in her heart.

Her next remark unfortunately checked his well-meant intention on the spot, for she observed quietly—

"Very nice indeed—until you find them out!" And before he could reply she had slipped away.

Gerard sat down on the nearest chair, feeling that his last hope had passed from him. He had constantly nourished and cherished the tiny flower of hope; but it was dead at last, he told himself.

He would never win her back, never see the dear violet eyes brighten for him as they had brightened once.

It was of no use helping and wishing and striving and fretting any longer. He had tried his best; and Gladys would not do anything on her side to meet him. He did not wish—did not expect her to meet him half-way. If she would only have remained still, he could in time have got up to her. But even that much she would not do. No; as fast as he advanced, just as rapidly did she recede.

It seemed as if she could not remember how dearly and deeply he had loved her, and how hard he had tried to make amends—entirely ignoring the Chrystal Coley episode. Nor could she forget how he had just once wronged her—wronged her and sacrificed himself—all for her good, for her worldly welfare as well as his. She had apparently forgotten all his love, and only bore in mind that he had left her in her poverty for her richer rival, whom he had never seen. If only she would follow the words of that song she used to sing—she never sang it now—

"Ah, folly to remember,
'Twere wisdom to forget!"

But Gladys remembered and forgot in an exactly opposite way to that which Gerard wished.

On that last evening there were no guests at dinner, except the Vicarage people; for the night was to be devoted to a ball for the servants. On the following evening there was to be a grand ball for the county folk; and the rejoicings on the estate were to be held when the bride and bridegroom had returned from their honeymoon—Gladys carefully spoke of it as their "wedding-tour."

The dinner was not of very long duration; for the dancing was to begin at eight o'clock, and all declared they must have half an hour's rest between the eating of the one and the beginning of the other. The gentlemen left the table with the ladies.

Gerard, as soon as they reached the drawing-room, followed Gladys to her accustomed seat.

"Gladys!" he said.

She turned round at once.

"Yes?"

"Am I to dance with any one in particular to-night?"

"You ought to open the ball with Mrs. Hunt," she answered, "and I with Robert, of course."

Robert was the solemn-faced butler.

"Then perhaps, Gladys, you will dance the second with me?" he asked humbly.

"Oh, yes—if you like! It is a waltz, I believe," she said promptly.

"Thanks."

He stayed where he was, leaning between her chair and the chimney-shelf; but neither of them spoke.

Until that very day, the kind tone in which she said, "Oh, yes—if you like!" and the further information that the dance in question was a waltz would have been sufficient for the "tender leaves of hope" to put forth blossom; but now he had passed beyond that. "The killing frost" of Gladys's coldness had nipped the root, and his hope was dead. He thought with a grim feeling of amusement, in reference to his marriage on the morrow, of the inscription that Dante tells us, in his Inferno, was written up over the dark gates of the Palace of Torment—

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Gerard's thoughts were interrupted by a movement from Gladys, who rose.

"Are you going?" he asked.

"Only up-stairs," she answered—"gloves and bracelets and so on, you know."

He caught his breath in a kind of a sob—so like the old Gladys was she just then.

He noticed as she crossed the large room that she had no ornament of any kind. He thought he liked her better without; yet, when she returned, wearing those he had

first given her—tiger's claws set in dull Indian gold—he felt he had never seen her look so lovely before.

And then they went in great state to the ball-room, where Gladys was immediately approached and led to her place by the butler, who treated the whole proceeding with a solemnity impossible to break through or thaw in any way. Gerard followed suit with the housekeeper, a good-tempered, portly woman, who persisted in calling him "Master Gerard," and panted audibly in the more energetic portions of the quadrille. At last the dance was over, and Gerard was free to claim that which Gladys had promised him.

"I have never danced with you before," he said, as they stood waiting for the music to begin.

"No; I hope you dance well," she answered. "Ah, there is the music!"

He had no fear as to the style of his dancing, and Gladys's was perfect.

If she was so cold at ordinary times and kept him literally at arm's length, she certainly did not spoil their dance by her coldness or her stiffness.

He could feel the clasp of her left hand upon his shoulder, and, instead of giving him two fingers of the other, she had laid her whole hand in his; and the touch sent a thrill through him.

He was wishing that the dance would last for ever, when Gladys stopped with a jerk.

"Oh, why do you stop?" he asked reproachfully.

"Are you always like that when you waltz?" she said sharply.

"Like what?"

She laid her hand for an instant upon his heart.

"I never heard anything like it," she said, in an awe-struck tone.

"Oh, that!"—laughing a little. "Yes; I dare say it will finish me one of these days. You'll be waking up and finding yourself a widow one fine morning. Now shall we go on?"

"Certainly not. I would not dance with you again on any consideration," she said decidedly.

She walked away through the drawing-room to the conservatory as she spoke, and Gerard followed her.

"You don't mean that surely?" he said. "I was enjoying our waltz so much. Come back and finish it."

"And finish it!" she repeated. "And perhaps finish you too."

"I'll risk that," he laughed.

"But I will not," she answered so resolutely that Gerard laughed outright.

"Then I must go and find some one else who wont have so many scruples."

"You are not to do it—I forbid you to do it"—imperatively.

"Why, Gladys," he said teasingly, "if you make such a fuss over me, I shall begin to think you really do care for me after all."

He half expected to see the usual coldness creep over her face, and also the usual comment of biting sarcasm; but neither came.

On the contrary, Gladys slipped her hand into his and raised her face coaxingly.

"You won't dance again, Gerard?" she said persuasively.

Gerard looked at her fondly, then clasped her in his arms, and pressed a warm loving kiss upon her lips.

"Never again, if my darling does not wish it," he answered.

[THE END.]

"Cherry Time."

BY A. R.

THE hay-makers were busy on the upland meadows that sloped toward the sun, the air was full of the odors of new-mown hay, and the old brown robin, whose nest was in the maple-boughs overhanging the Cliffdean house, was carolling his very heart out in song. Every created thing seemed drinking in the full glory of the Summer morning, and revelling in the mere fact of existence.

That is, every created thing, save and except little Kitty Seymour—she wasn't happy a bit; for, as she came round the densely-shadowed honey-suckle path, in sight of the front porch; her eye caught sight of two figures sitting under the swinging trails of a woodbine, in a most absorbing tete-a-tete—her cousin, Georgina Carr, and Henry Hales.

The rosy flush of color died out around Kitty's dimples—the long lashes dropped and grew misty. There—it was no use striving against that coming flood of tears—Miss Kitty sat down on the grassy bank, and cried heartily.

"I hope they will be happy!" sobbed poor Kitty; "but oh! how I wish Georgina had never come here I was so happy in fancying that Henry liked me a little, but now——"

And Kitty cried again.

The path to the giant cherry-tree was short and shaded as Kitty crept through it, never once looking back to the porch where Georgina and Henry were so happy together; and the green gloom, studded with the ruby sparkle of innumerable ripe, dewy cherries, made her think of the "jewel trees" she had read about in childhood, when the Arabian Nights seemed veritable truth, and Fairy Land an established fact.

"I wish I were a little child again!" sighed Kitty, her lip beginning to quiver. "Didn't I pass pleasant days then, with never a lover to disturb them? Didn't I climb up this old tree half-a dozen times a day to see the blue eggs in the brown thrush's nest? I wonder if the nest is there now! I don't care," ejaculated Kitty, "I don't care a single bit, if I am eighteen. I mean to climb up into the old cherry-tree again, and fill my little basket. I want to feel the cool leaves against my hot cheek. I want to be all alone with the air and the wind, and the brown thrushes. I know Aunt Rachel would scold dreadfully, but I don't care!"

Kitty Seymour swung herself lightly into the guarled fork of the sturdy old tree, and climbed up its branches as if she had been a bright-eyed squirrel instead of a young lady. There was a considerable spice of the romp about Miss Kitty, and it must be frankly confessed that she was a great deal more at home in the old cherry-tree than she would have been at her neglected piano.

High up among the fluttering leaves she sat, slowly gathering the ripe fruit into her little basket, and looking through a quivering dimness of tears at the hay-makers afar off on the sunny meadow slopes, thinking the while how very miserable she was!

All at once the sound of voices struck her ear. She parted the leaves, and looked down from her airy perch, only to see Henry Hales and Georgina Carr establishing themselves comfortably under the shadow of this very cherry-tree!

Poor little Kitty! There was no escape for her now. Prisoned among the swaying branches, she must be an unwilling auditor to the conversation of the two below!

"Oh, I wish they would go away!" thought Kitty, beginning to tremble as she laid her throbbing forehead against the friendly old tree. "I cannot bear to hear him speaking words of love to Georgina! Oh, why did I ever come here?"

Her thoughts were cut short by short by Henry Hales' voice. He was stripping the leaves from a spray of forget-me-not, in an absent-minded sort of way, and spoke as if in resumption of some previous discussion.

"If you only knew, Georgina, how much doubt and apprehension I feel in approaching the subject of my love!"

"I can easily imagine it," said Georgina, softly.

The pulses of Kitty's heart seemed to grow chill, and a sick feeling of despair came over her.

"If I dare suppose for a moment," went on Henry, "that the treasure of such a heart could ever be mine——"

"Why should you doubt it?" asked Georgina, smiling. "Remember, Henry, 'faint heart never won fair lady;' I would therefore advise you to be courageous."

"I believe I shall take your advice," said Henry; "and I am glad that I consulted you on the subject. Indeed, Georgina, my love for your cousin is the one absorbing passion of my life. I have watched her grow from the fair girl into the beautiful woman, with ever strengthening devotion, and now—— Well, I won't be sentimental—that is, if I can help it," he added, trying to smile; "but of one thing I am assured—if Kitty Seymour refuses me, life will not be worth having. Come—let us return to the house. I will seek her at once and decide my fate!"

As their footsteps died away, the little captive damsel among the branches hid her burning face among the leaves, and began to cry again! But they were happy tears—oh, such blissful tears!

"Then you do really love me!"

Kitty Cliff was standing just where the sunset turned her chestnut curls to gold, in dainty robes of white muslin, tied at the waist with a broad blue ribbon. She had never looked fairer, nor more mischievous. A sense of power makes woman dangerous.

"Love you, Kitty! If——"

"There, there, don't be sentimental, if you can help it!" laughed Kitty. "If I refuse you, life won't be worth having; so I will not refuse you."

"Kitty," ejaculated the perplexed lover, "you heard me this morning! Where were you?"

"Never mind," said Kitty, saucily. And as soon as she could escape from Henry's detaining hand, she ran up stairs to nestle her cheek against Georgina's shoulder, and whisper to her, as a very great secret, "that she was to be married in the Autumn."

Henry Hales does not yet know whether the Hamadryads in the wood or the robins in the tree carried his secrets to Kitty; but she will tell him the truth, perhaps, after they are married.

FISH-STORY WITH A MORAL.—A correspondent on the other side of the country sends a contemporary this fish-story with moral.

"Sportsmen have made many complaints this season; it is said that trout in the lakes and streams were being destroyed wholesale by the explosion of dynamite or some other substance in the water powerful enough to kill the fish. Although this is against the law, it seems to be impossible to bring the offenders to justice. There is one resident in Seattle however who is laying up at present attempting to recover from a severe shock to his nervous system, the result of his first and last attempt at wholesale fish slaughter. The gentleman in question is a well-known amateur sportsman whose ill-luck is proverbial. Patiently has he whipped the lakes, waded streams and climbed over rocks and through briars, but never yet has he returned from his expeditions with enough fish for a good meal for a hungry man. At last he became desperate, and determined for once to bring back enough fish to make his neighbors envious. He provided himself with a dynamite bomb, which he concealed in his basket, and, accompanied by his faithful dog, started for one of the best fishing-spots around Seattle. Arrived at the spot, he lighted the fuse and cast the bomb to the fishes. But he reckoned without his host. The dog was a retriever. Quick as a flash of lightning the animal was in the water, had seized the bomb in his mouth, and was making for the shore.

"The sportsman's consternation may be better imagined than described. Hastily scrambling up the bank, he started across to a neighboring field at a rate that would have made a streak of lightning turn green with envy. But the dog was after him at an even more rapid pace, his one thought being to lay his trophy at his master's feet. Hotter and hotter grew the race. The sportsman looked over his shoulder and could see his faithful dog gaining at every bound. The fuse sputtered and spit as it worked its way down towards the explosive.

"There was a fence at a little distance. The sportsman strained every nerve and reached it. Over he went; the dog was just about to follow, when something happened. There was an explosion that shook the very earth. Sadly he walked back to the scene of the catastrophe, but there was not enough of that dog left to make a good-sized sausage. Now the man fishes with a rod and line again, and he wants a new dog."

HIS REWARD.—She had asked him to get her some supper while they rested from the dance, and he, for whom her lightest wish was law, started off to do her bidding. There was the usual crowd at the supper-table, and it brought back to mind the old days of college football. He entered into the spirit of the thing, and pushed and shoved and crowded and jammed with all the earnestness of youth. At the end of twenty minutes he had secured a tiny sandwich and an ice, and hurried to her, picturing a cosy chat while she ate. "Oh," she exclaimed, as he came up, "I thought you had forgotten me!" "Never!" he returned reproachfully. "There was an awful crowd around the table." "Oh, that was it!" she answered. "Well, I'll tell you what to do. Start off at once and get me another ice, so that by the time I finish this you'll be ready with the second, and then I needn't wait at all."

TO PRESERVE PICTURES.—The preservation of pictures has now become, it would seem, as the result of some very ingenious experiments, a scientific proceeding. It is simply placing the surface of the picture, be it of canvas or paper, in a vacuum, thus protecting it from the usual atmospheric action, which is so deteriorating. In carrying out this plan the picture is enclosed in a metal frame or case, covering the back and sides, and projecting from the sides like an ordinary frame. In the edges of this case a plate of glass is inserted, just as in an ordinary frame, and hermetically sealed to the metal. The air is then withdrawn from between the surface of the picture and the glass, and thus the picture is in a vacuum. It is asserted that the effect of this plan is to completely protect pictures from the action of dampness, air, gases and other causes that operate to destroy paintings exposed or framed in the ordinary way.

DON'T RUN THE RISK of your Cold getting well of itself—you may thereby drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent tendency, which may give you years of trouble. Better cure your Cold at once with the help of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a good healing medicine for all Coughs, Sore Lungs and Throats.

Scientific and Useful.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is possible, by a recent invention, to take five different photographic views of a person at one sitting. The apparently different attitudes are produced by the aid of mirrors.

MILK.—Milk should be drunk slowly, says a recent writer; "it is a food, and should be treated as such. It is better, indeed, to eat something as one drinks, so as to excite the flow of saliva. When the doctors put their patients on an exclusive milk diet they sometimes recommend the use of chewing gum during the continuance of the regime."

TELEPHONES.—A special mouthpiece for public telephones has been introduced in Germany with the object of avoiding the spread of diseases carried by the condensed moisture of the breath. A pad or a large number of disks of paper, with a hole in the middle, is inserted in the mouthpiece, and the upper disk of paper is torn off after every conversation.

GAS ENGINE.—A street car driven by a gas engine has been tested on the Croydon and Thornton Railway, England. Its motive power is composed of two cylinders, face to face, on opposite sides of a crank shaft, which has a large fly-wheel on one end, and a train of gearing to connect with the wheel axles. With a load of 28 persons, a total weight of 5½ tons, the car ran eight miles per hour. On a two per cent. grade and 35 feet radius the speed was four miles.

TATTOOING WITH A PURPOSE.—A French physician, who has found that the majority of deaths upon the battlefield arise from the bleeding to death of the wounded while waiting for the surgeon, proposes that each soldier in the French army shall be taught where the arteries of his body are, and how to arrest hemorrhages from them. In doing this he has found a use for that most useless of arts, tattooing: a small figure of some kind being tattooed over each artery, so that the soldier can at once see where to apply the ligature.

Farm and Garden.

DUST.—Barrels should be filled with road-dust—which could be easily gathered during a dry spell—and saved for winter use. Dust is a good vermin exterminator.

FLOWERS.—The child with a flower bed of its own will be more interested in what is grown in the yard by other members of the family, and, as a consequence, take a greater interest in its home.

FUMIGATION.—A farmer suggests that it is a good plan to fumigate all grain bins, and corn cribs, by burning therein behind closed doors and windows a good pot of brimstone. This will kill all insects and destroy spores of disease that might otherwise be perpetuated.

SHEEP.—An exchange tells of a farmer who fed a flock of 200 sheep for five months in the winter on straw, and one and one-half bushels of oats every evening, at a total cost of $70. The fleece easily paid for the keep of the flock. The straw was turned to manure.

CROPS.—In cultivating the majority of crops the nearer the ground can be kept to a perfect level the better it will be. In this way the most even distribution of moisture is procured. The old method of hilling up crops when laying them by has been generally abandoned by advanced farmers.

PROFITS.—In estimating the profits of the farm all receipts and expenses should be carefully compared. Every pound of grain, meat, or fruit used on the farm should be credited to the receipts. The living expenses of the family should be deducted, the amount of which will depend upon the number of persons and the mode of living.

VINEGAR.—Vinegar can be made in three weeks by mixing in the following proportions one quart of treacle and one pint of yeast in three gallons of warm rain water. Put the mixture into a keg or barrel, with the bunghole open, but protected by gauze against insects. A supply of vinegar can be kept constantly on hand in the following manner: Before a barrel is quite out, fill up the barrel with one gallon of treacle to every eleven gallons of soft water. This mixture will become good vinegar in about three weeks, and can be treated in its turn in the same way.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

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[IN ADVANCE.]

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Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

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The World as it Goes.

There is such a striving, and a very right and proper striving, after personal improvement, social improvement, and class improvement in the world, that many of us forget exactly what that world is, in trying to make it what it ought to be.

One of the profoundest of philosophical sentences, uttered by Antonio, in the "Merchant of Venice," is that wherein he says, "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano; a stage, where every man must play a part, and mine a sad one."

And this is paralleled by Dr. Johnson, who says, "Every man ought to take existence on the terms on which it is given him. To some men it is given on the condition of not taking liberties, which other men may take without much harm. One may drink wine and be none the worse for it; on another, wine may have effects so inflammatory as to injure him both in body and mind, and perhaps make him commit something for which he may deserve to be hanged."

It was merely in conversation of an ordinary kind that the Doctor let fall this sentence, or he would have mended his instance, or have expanded it. Not only may some men drink twice as much, and eat twice as much as others; but to some it is given to know and feel and enjoy, to others to suffer, more than their fellows. It is impossible to make the world at all equal to these men, or to any men, any more than it would be, except by murder, to make our lives all equal in length; even then, we should have to begin with an Herodian persecution and massacre the babies!

There are, as the Apostle remarks, "diversities of gifts;" for instance, we (ourselves, individually) are short-sighted, and yet very fond of beholding the facial play of actors, preachers, or speakers; much of our enjoyment at a lecture or at the theatre fails us unless we are armed with a powerful opera-glass; and yet to others, who don't care a whit about these facial studies and expression, long-sight is given. But, to balance this apparent inequality, this short strong sight never tires in poring over books or minute writing, which is in a much greater measure the business of our eyes than lecture-hearing or theatre-going.

So, as imperfect creatures, we must take "the world as it goes;" we must not look for more out of it than we can get; we must look at it as a theatre or a place of trial in which souls are to be tested; if we look at it in any other way than that, it is certainly a very lame world indeed.

Calmly, after the illusions have died down, we shall find this magnificent gift of life to have its very serious drawbacks. Partly from our own constitution, whether it be a generous or a cold one, we shall meet few friends that are true. If we are unsuccessful and unfortunate in life, we shall find that our faults are visited very heavily, that our youth passes in fruitless labor, our manhood in insecure struggles, our old age is unhonored poverty. If we are successful, our very success will raise us up a host of insincere friends, and a somewhat larger host of envious enemies.

If we gain a battle which gives freedom to the world, the deed or its utility will be disputed; if we write a book which pleases the public, it will be carped at; if we paint a picture, or if we build some huge and mighty fane, we shall have every merit of originality denied. Do we own large estates, we shall not be able to enjoy them. Have we a large fortune or a splendid position, we alone, like the wearer of the shoe, shall know how little any of these can add to the enjoyment or the satisfaction of the soul. The people who have, and, as the word goes, "enjoy," a large fortune, are those only who see its true value.

"Ah, my lord," said a connoisseur to a very rich marquis, who had a splendid gallery of ancestral pictures, "what a happy man you must be with these treasures of art!" "Ah!" sighed the marquis, with a jaded look at the beauties he had seen so many times, "people tell me so; but I wish I could sell them all." The truth is, the soul of man is restless. There is no man who does not feel this, and who does not feel that, whether weak or strong, he is tried to his utmost.

Bad as the world is in its judgments, harsh as it is to some, flattering to others, it is yet to be made something of, by prudence and rectitude. If, as Professor Huxley would have us believe, education is the only thing to regenerate us, and to make every thing go right, how is it that the most educated nations—the Chinese, for instance, the Greeks in the time of Pericles, and the Romans of the decline—are universally the worst?

If education alone teaches man how to play his game well, how is it that they who are best taught are frequently the most unsuccessful in life, and throw away chance after chance? Mr. Huxley's answer is plain enough—because, he would say, they are not properly taught. But what educational system will eradicate a natural tendency to vice, or convert an unreflective, unsteady, hasty race, into a quiet, thoughtful people?

What we have to do is to know ourselves, to do our duty firmly, wisely, and staunchly, and to make use of the world as a school—as the school for a better. "The world is nothing but a tiring room," said Shakspere; that is, a dressing-room, wherein the soul fits itself with proper apparel for the next. Akin to this, thought Sir Thomas Browne, who calls the created world "but a small parenthesis in eternity, a short interposition for a time, between such a state of duration as was before it, and may be after it." Looked at in that way—not as a place for sensual enjoyment, not for continued triumphs, nor for any thing like set and uninterrupted happiness or joy, but as a place of trial, in which all upon earth, rich or poor, wise or foolish, are tried exactly according to their capacity, we become reconciled to our lot.

A man's true soul—his immortal entity—is worth more than all the world and all the kingdoms therein, as we well know. Use the world, and don't abuse it. Folly is in it more powerful than crime. Idiots jabber and talk over your financial successes, and malign and slander you; but they mean no harm, poor things; they only fancy they get higher by putting you lower. Pray for such people; that is about all you can do for them. Lastly, whilst using the world, don't affect to despise it.

MORE of the power of living is wasted in useless excitements and irritations than is used in regular work or profitable pleasure. Men are like steam-engines, which waste nine-tenths of the energy generated in the boiler. The electric dynamo is said to be nearly perfect. Ninety-five per cent. of the power is utilized. When men learn to use power in economical ways, life will be longer, happier and more complete. All anger that does no righteous work burns out the machine without advantage. A grudge nursed and gratified eats out the temper of the mind and makes one unfit for good work. Envy is canker; jealousy corrodes and destroys; discontent wears out the mind without doing anything; vain longing wastes as much nervous force as a heavy task.

IN the long run a better and more permanent success will be reaped by the man who has something different to occupy him vigorously for a part of his time than the one who plods for ever in a single beaten track. The whole nature will be strengthened, enlarged, and brought into balance by the change, and life will be better worth living. No one who has hitherto allowed himself to drift into any channel that happened to offer for his leisure hours has any idea of the real satisfaction and self-respect that would ensue if he once formed the habit of doing two things well.

SELFISHNESS is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer, and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downwards.

IF you would add lustre to your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in anything valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Consider, if you have any natural gifts, you owe them to the Divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding, and studied virtue, you have only done your duty, and thus there seems little reason for vanity.

IF you would either please in a private company or persuade in a public assembly, airs, looks, gestures, enunciation, graces, proper accents, just emphasis and tuneful cadences are fully as necessary as the matter itself. Rough unpolished matter and unadorned, coarse but strong arguments, will neither please nor persuade, but, on the contrary, will tire out attention and excite disgust.

A GREAT deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people may say of our actions. This requires to be blunted. Consider whether they will say anything at all. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches.

THE person whose clothes are extremely fine, I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.

No human power can force the intrenchments of the human mind; compulsion never persuades; it only makes hypocrites.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. S.—The battle of Waterloo was won by the Duke of Wellington on the 18th June, 1815.

MINNIE W.—Your own common sense should tell you that what you propose would be highly improper.

M. D. W.—In the language of flowers, Hawthorn means "hope," White Rose, "I am worthy of you," Heliotrope, "devoted attachment."

PUZZLED.—A "Jinricksha" is a Japanese carriage to hold one person; it is drawn by a man, and in Japan is a comfortable and fairly swift mode of conveyance; but it would be utterly impracticable in our streets.

FRANK.—The superstition concerning the seating of thirteen people at table as an unlucky omen is a very ancient one. It is said to have taken its origin from the Last Supper, at which Judas Iscariot was the thirteenth guest.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—It is against the law to send what is known as a dunning letter—a letter persistently demanding payment of a debt, on a postal card. 2. By taking it to Court the party means to fight the claim for the money due. See a lawyer at once.

G. M.—It would be a good plan not to receive the young man quite so frequently until he declares his intentions. Do not speak of his failure to recommend himself by greater liberality. Invite other company, and show him that you are entirely independent of him.

MRS. J. W. H.—The references you make to 1st Chronicles, ii chapter, 13, 16, and 2nd Samuel, chapter xvii, 25, do not explain who was David's mother. "Nahash" in the latter reference is a man's name and in the polyglot Bible is interchangeable with Jesse the father of David.

E. D.—Buenos Ayres, after Rio de Janeiro, is in nearly all respects the most important city in South America. It has been called the Athens of that country, it differing but little from the large cities of the North American and European seaboards. Since 1880 great improvements have been made in the style of its buildings, &c.

G. S. F.—The term "penny," designating the size of nails, seems to be a corruption of the word "pound," and doubtless the commodity was originally made in this manner—ten-penny nails weighing 10 pounds per thousand, four-penny nails 4 pounds per thousand, &c. Of late years, however, nailmakers have become more economical.

KATE.—There is an old saying to the effect that it is not unlucky to be a bridesmaid three times; but, like most old sayings, there is nothing in it. We do not see why the fact should have anything to do with a girl's future prospects. It only shows in what estimation her friends hold her, and that they want her to make one in a pretty ceremonial.

DANDY.—It is all a matter of constitution. General opinion has altered very much of late about the digestibility of nuts, and many doctors affirm that they are not unwholesome. You may take it as a fact that fresh walnuts, eaten when the skin will come off easily, will do no harm; they are less easy of digestion when they are old and will not peel.

HETTY.—Unless a lady is on intimate terms with a gentleman, it would not be proper to exchange photographs. Young ladies cannot be too careful how they lavish favors of any kind on the opposite sex, and by so doing they build a wall of defence about them that prevents intruders taking advantage of their innocence or ignorance of the world's ways.

CONNIE.—The principal non-poisonous coloring matters for confectionery are: Flour and starch for white; cochineal, carmine and madder, for red; saffron, safflower and turmeric for yellow; indigo and litmus for blue; the juice of spinach and mixtures of the already-mentioned blues and yellows for green; burned sugar and Spanish juice for brown, and Indian ink for black.

J. M. C.—Mount Ararat is venerated by the Armenians from a belief of its being the place on which Noah's ark rested after the Deluge. But Apamea, in Phrygia, 300 miles west of Ararat, claims to be the spot. In Genesis, chapter viii, verse 4, mention is made of Ararat as follows: "And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month upon the mountains of Ararat."

S. A.—The discovery of anæsthesia is due to Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, who, in 1842, performed a surgical operation upon James M. Venable. Dr. Long having first rendered the patient insensible to pain by the application of ether. Two or three years later Messrs. Wells, Jackson and Morton began their experiments, after which the anæsthetic properties of ether and chloroform rapidly became known.

BORED.—1. It is not imperative that you should accept the invitation to the wedding; but whether you do or do not, and it is the custom in the place where you reside to make wedding presents, then you must send a present to the bride, and it must be sent in her maiden name. The present should be sent a few days before the wedding takes place. 2. If you are unable to accept the invitation, a regret must be sent to the parents of the bride or whoever has issued the invitation. 3. The present may be sent when you send the regret; if not convenient to send it at that time, then any time before the day of the wedding.

HEART, HEART, BE STILL!

BY L. L. Z.

'Tis well to write "Heart, Heart, be still!"
And hide thy constant moan:
'Tis well to hush the heart-strings deep,
Which sigh and sigh alone;
Yet not for aye that heart is still,
It only bends beneath the will.

The human heart! 'tis like the lute,
Upon whose strings are found
Fond gushing lays, so soft and sweet,
Or passions' sweeping sound;
As the hand moves among the strings,
So harsh or pleasing music brings.

Then gently touch, nor careless sweep
Among those chords so fine;
The string once snapp'd, it silent lies,
Unwaked by care or time;
With love, the heart bears every care;
Without, it breaks in cold despair.

The First Comer.

BY R. M. C.

I AM an old maid, and am not the least ashamed of the circumstances. Pray, why should women not be allowed the benefit of the doubt like men, and be supposed to remain single from choice?

I can assure you that it is not from want of offers, that I am Miss Janet MacTavish, spinster. I could tell—but no matter. It is not to set down a list of proposals that I have taken pen in hand, but to relate a very mysterious occurrence that happened in our house last spring.

My sister Matilda and I are a well-to-do couple of maiden ladies, having no poor relatives, and a comfortable private fortune. We keep four servants (all female), and occupy a large detached house in a fashionable part of Edinburgh, and the circle in which we move is most exclusive and genteel.

Matilda is a good deal older than I am (though we dress alike), and is somewhat of an invalid.

Our east winds are certainly trying, and last March she had a very sharp attack of bronchitis, broughton (between ourselves) by her own rash imprudence. Though I may not say this to her face, I may say it here.

She does not approve of fiction, th ugh goodness knows, what I am going to set down in not fiction, but fact; but any literary work in a gay paper cover (of course, I don't mean tracts), such as novels and magazines, is an abomination in her eyes, and "reading such like trash" she considers sinful waste of time.

So, even if this falls into her hands by an odd chance she will never read it, and I am quite safe in writing out everything that happened, as I dare not do, if I thought that Mattie was coming after me and picking holes in every sentence.

Matilda is terribly particular about grammar and orthography, and reads over all my letters before I venture to close them.

Dear me, how I have wandered away from my point! I'm sure that no one will care to know that I am a little in awe of my elder, that she treats me sometimes as if I were still in my teens. But people may like to hear of the queer thing that happened to me, and I am really and truly coming to it at last.

Matilda was ill with bronchitis, very ill. Bella (that's our sewing maid and general factotum, who has been with us twelve years this term) and I took it in turns to sit up with her at night. It happened to be my night, and I was sitting over the fire in a half-kind of doze, when Matilda woke up, and nothing would serve her but a cup of tea of all things, at two o'clock in the morning—the kitchen fire out, no hot water, and every one in the house in their beds, except myself.

I had some nice beef-tea in a little pan beside the hob, and I coaxed her hard to try some of that, but not a bid of it. Nothing would serve her but real tea, and I knew that once she had taken the notion in her head, I might just as well do her bidding first as last. So I opened the door and went out, thinking to take the small lamp, for, of course, all the gas was out and turned off at the meter, as it ought to be in every decent house.

"You'll no do that!" she said, quite cross. Mattie speaks broad when she is vexed, and we had had a bit of argument about the tea.

"You'll no do that, and leave me here without the light! Just go down and infuse me a cup of tea as quick as ever you can, for I know I'll be awfully the better of it!"

So there was just nothing else for it, and down I went in the pitch-black darkness, not liking the job at all.

It was not that I was afraid. Not I. But the notion of having to rake up and make the kitchen fire, and boil the kettle, was an errand that went rather against the grain, especially as I'm a terrible bad hand at lighting a fire.

I was thinking of this and wondering where were the wood and the matches to be found, when, just as I reached the head of the stairs, I was delighted to hear a great raking out of cinders below in the kitchen. Such a raking and poking and banging of coals and knocking about of the range, I never did hear, and I said to myself:

"This is fine; it's washing morning" (we do our washing at home) "and later than I thought; and the servants are up, so it's all right," and I ran down the kitchen stairs quite inspirited like by the idea. As I passed the door of the servants' room (where cook and housemaid slept), Harris, that's the housemaid, called out:

"Who's that?"

I went to the door and said:

"It's I, Miss Janet. I want a cup of tea for Miss MacTavish."

In a moment Harris had thrown on some clothes and was out in the passage. She was always a quick, willing girl, and very obliging. She said (it was black dark, and I could not see her):

"Never you mind, Miss Janet; I'll light the fire and boil up the kettle in no time."

"You need not do that," said I, "for there's some one at the fire already—cook, I suppose."

"Not me, ma'am!" said a sleepy voice from the interior of the bedroom. "I'm in my bed."

"Then who can it be?" I asked, for the banging and raking had become still more tremendous, and the thunder of the poker was just awful!

"It must be Bella," said Harris, feeling her way to the kitchen door and pushing it open, followed by me.

We stood for full half-a-minute in the dark, whilst she felt about and groped for the matches, and still the noise continued. "Bella," I said crossly, "what on earth ——" But at this instant the match was struck, and dimly lit up the kitchen. I strained my eyes into the darkness, whilst Harris composedly lit a candle. I looked, and looked, and looked again, but there was no one in the kitchen but ourselves.

I was just petrified, I can tell you, and I staggered against the dresser, and gaped at the now silent fireplace. The coals and cinders and ashes were exactly as they had gone out, not a bit disturbed; any one could see that they had never been stirred.

"In the name of goodness, Harris," I said in a whisper, "where is the person that was poking that fire? You heard them yourself!"

"I heard a noise, sure enough, Miss Janet," she said, not a bit daunted; "and if I was a body that believed in ghosts and such-like clavers, I'd say it was them," putting firewood in the grate as she spoke. "It's queer, certainly. Miss MacTavish will be wearying for her tea," she added. "I know well what it is to have a kind of longing for a good cup. Save us! what a cold air there is in this kitchen. I wonder where cook put the bellows."

Seeing that Harris was taking the matter so coolly, for very shame sake I was forced to do the like; so I did not say a word about my misgivings, nor the odd queer thrill I had felt as we stood in the pitch darkness, and listened to the furious raking of the kitchen grate.

How icy cold the kitchen had been! just like a vault, and with the same damp, earthy smell!

I was in a mighty hurry to get back upstairs, believe me, and did all in my power to speed the fire and the kettle, and in due due time we wended our way upstairs, Harris bearing the tea on a tray, and walking last.

I left her to administer the refreshment whilst I went into Bella's room, which was close by, candle in hand.

"You are awake, I see, Bella," I remarked, putting it down as I spoke (I felt that I must unbosom myself to some one, or never close an eye that night). "Tell me, did you hear a great raking of the kitchen fire just now?"

"Yes, miss, of course. Why, it woke me. I suppose you had occasion to go down for something, Miss Janet; but why did you not call me?"

"It was not I who woke you, Bella," I rejoined quickly. "I was on my way downstairs when I heard of that noise below, and I thought it was cook or Harris, but when I got down Harris came out of the bedroom. Cook was in bed—Maggie, you know, is up above you—and we went into the kitchen, thinking it might be you or her, and lit a candle; but I give you my word of honor that, although the noise was really terrible till we struck a light, when we looked about us not a soul was to be seen!"

At this, Bella started up in bed, and became of a livid, chalky kind of color.

"No one, Miss Janet?" she gasped out.

"Not a soul!" I replied solemnly.

"Then oh!" she exclaimed, now jumping bodily out on the floor, and looking quite wild and distracted. "Tell me, in heaven's name, which of you went into the kitchen first, you or Harris?" She was so agitated she seemed scarcely able to bring out the words, and her eyes rested upon mine with a strange, frightened look, that made me fancy she had taken temporary leave of her wits.

"Harris went first," I answered shortly.

"Thank heaven for that!" she returned, now collapsing o the edge of her bed. "But poor Kate Harris is a dead woman!"

I stared hard at Bella, as well I might. Was she talking in her sleep? or was I dreaming?

"What do you mean, Bella Cameron?" I cried. "Are you gone crazy? Are you gone clean daft?"

"It was a warning," she replied, in a low and awe-struck voice. "We Highlanders understand the like well! It was a warning of death! Kate Harris' hour has come."

"If you are going to talk such wicked nonsense, Bella," I said, "I'm not going to stop to listen. Whatever you do, don't let Matilda hear you going on with such foolishness. The house would not hold her, and you know that well."

"All right, Miss Janet; you heard the fire yourself, you will allow that; and you will see that the kitchen grate is never raked out for nothing. I only wish, from the bottom of my heart, that what I've told you, may not come true; but, bad as it was, I'm thankful that you were not first in the kitchen."

A few more indignant expostulations on my part and lamentations on Bella's, and then I went back to Matilda, and it being now near three o'clock, and she inclined to be drowsy, I lay down on the sofa and got a couple of hours' sleep.

A day or two afterwards I was suddenly struck with a strange thrill of apprehension by noticing how very, very ill Katie Harris looked. I taxed her with not feeling well, and she admitted that she had not been herself, and could not say what ailed her. She had no actual pain, but she felt weak all over, and could scarcely drag herself about the house. "It would go off. She would not see a doctor—No, no, no!—It was only just a kind of cold feeling in her bones, and a sort of notion that a hand was gripping her throat. It was all fancy; and Dr. Henderson (our doctor) would make fine game of her if he saw her by way of being a patient. She would be all right in a day or two." Vain hope! In a day or two she was much worse. She was obliged to give in, to take to her bed. I sent for Dr. Henderson—indeed he called daily to see Matty—so I had only to pilot him down below to see Katie. He came out to me presently with a very grave face and said:

"Has she any friends?" pointing towards Kate's door with his thumb.

"Friends! To be sure," I answered. "She has a sister married to a tram conductor in Wickham Street."

"Send for her at once; and you had better have her moved. She can't last a week."

"Do you mean that she is going to die?" I gasped, clutching the banisters, for we were standing in the lower hall.

"I am sorry to say the case is hopeless. Nothing can save her, and the sooner she is with her own people the better."

I was, I need scarcely tell you, greatly shocked—terribly shocked—and presently, when I had recovered myself, I sent off, post-haste, for Katie's sister.

I went in to see her. She, poor creature, was all curiosity to hear what the doctor had said.

"He would tell me nothing, miss," she observed smilingly. "Only felt my pulse and tried my heart with a stethoscope, and my temperature with that poor little tube. I only feel a bit tired and out of breath; but you'll find I'll be all right in a day or two. I'm only sorry I'm giving all this trouble, and Bella and Mary having to do my work. However, I'll be fit to clean the plate on Saturday."

Poor soul, little did she dream that her work in this world was done!

And I, as I sat beside the bed and looked at her always pale face, her now livid lips and hollow eyes, told myself that already I could see the hand of Death on her countenance. I was obliged to tell her sister what the doctor had said; and how she cried—and so did I—and who was to tell Katie? We wished to keep her with us undisturbed—Matilda and I—but her people would not hear of it, and we had an ambulance from the hospital and sent her home.

She just lived a week, and strange to say, she had always the greatest craving for me to be with her, for me to sit beside her, read to her, and hold her hand. She showed far more anxiety for my company than for that of any of her own people.

Bella alone, of all the household, expressed no astonishment when she heard the doctor's startling verdict, being in Mattie's room at the time. She merely looked over at me gravely, and significantly shook her head.

One night Bella and I were with Katie; she had lain silent for a long time, and then she said to me quite suddenly:

"Miss Janet, you'll remember the morning you came downstairs looking for Miss MacTavish's tea?" (Did I not recollect it, only too well!) "Somehow, I got a queer kind of chill then; I felt it at the time, to the very marrow of my bones. I have never been warm since. It was just this day fortnight. I remember it well, because it was washing Monday."

That night Katie Harris died. She passed away, as it were, in her sleep, with her hand in mine. As she was with me, on that mysterious night, so I was now with her.

Call me a superstitious old imbecile, or what you like, but I firmly believe that, had I entered that kitchen first, it would have been Janet MacTavish, and not Katie Harris, who was lying in her coffin!

Of course Matilda knows nothing of this, nor ever will, perhaps, for she is one of your strong-minded folk. She would scout at the idea, and at me, for a daft, silly body, and try to explain it all away quite reasonable like. I only wish she could!

TOILET.—A quaint story is told by a contemporary of Signor Leoncavallo, composer of the opera Pagliacci, when he was in London some time ago. He does not speak a word of English. One day he wanted his hair cut, and set out from his lodgings with the disadvantage of not being able to tell the barber, when he found one, what he wanted. He walked down two or three streets however, looking for a coiffeur, and at length came to a house in the window of which appeared the notice "To Let." This composer noted the announcement, and an idea struck him. This evidently was a hairdresser's shop, he thought. "Toilet" must have been the original announcement, but the "l" had been omitted or obliterated; there was the space left for it obviously. Signor Leoncavallo rang the bell; an old woman appeared; he remarked interrogatively, "Toilet?" and, supposing this was his foreign way of explaining that he had an idea of taking the house, she asked him in. He was ushered into the dining-room, and the old woman, perceiving that it was useless to speak, waved her hand. The visitor took off his hat and pulled his hair—a pantomimic explanation that it was too long; and she was puzzled. What could he mean? However, she knew that foreigners had old ways, and, not professing to understand him, when she thought he had looked sufficiently at the dining-room, she led him up-stairs, Signor Leoncavallo following under the impression that it was on the first floor that the hairdresser carried on his operations. The dining-room was vacant; there were no signs of comb, brush, and the paraphernalia of the business. Why had he been brought up here? Again he pulled at his locks and said inquiringly "Toilet?" That was the way the announcement was made in the window, so he thought the old woman would understand it; but she did not. "Yes, sir, it is to let," she answered, but a little vexed at his stupidity. He gazed blankly at her, she gazed blankly at him, and, having waved her hand round the room, to which he replied by again pulling his hair, she thought that perhaps he wanted to see the bed-rooms. Into every one, then, the conscientious woman led him, he following meekly, pointing despairingly to his head and pulling his hair whenever he caught her eye. Why was he being taken about like this? he wondered. Was she looking for the barber? How oddly English hair-cutters carry on this business! he reflected. Meantime she had shown him everything but the kitchens, and down to these she took him. She led him to the scullery, the pantry, the larder, and then they stood looking at each other; there was no more to be done. He mournfully shook his

head and reascended the stairs. She opened the front-door with some alacrity, the idea having all of a sudden occurred to her that probably the gentleman was mad. He could only bow politely but sorrowfully and leave the strange house unshorn. He was more than ever convinced that the English were a strange people, and she thought there was no understanding the eccentricities of foreigners.

The Minister's Wooing.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

IT was evening in the manse. Æneas Cameron, elder and session-clerk, had just left. The minister sat like one dazed, his head bowed in his hands, the unfinished sermon by his elbow; for he felt "sair hadden doun." Come of poor though decent farmer folk, and brought up to a life for which he was totally unsuited, he became known as "Feckless Sandy," until an aunt died and left him her savings on condition that he entered the ministry. So, at an age when other men were settled in manses and had taken unto themselves wives, Alexander McColl set out for Glasgow and the university there. A tall, lanky figure, in ill-fitting home-spun, walking to and from the college always alone; for he made no friends amongst the students, partly because he was so much older than they, and partly from shyness, which amounted almost to a physical infirmity.

That was long ago—before his appointment to the little West Highland parish, nestling amongst hills and glens, and inhabited by simple folk, who loved and respected him.

But somehow, gradually there arose a feeling that his minister had neglected his duty. It was only amongst a handful of tradesmen and farmers, and amounted to this—that the minister should have taken a wife before now.

Almost all of them had sisters and daughters, only too willing to occupy the position. For twelve years he had been with them, and they didn't pretend to find fault with his mode of living. It was meet and right that a minister should not be taken up with women, and should keep them at a distance; and it was known he never spoke to one unless it was absolutely necessary; then he addressed his remarks to the ceiling or the floor.

Still, he owed it to the parish to marry, and more especially now that he had been unfortunate in the way of housekeepers. He had tried all kinds—young, old, and middle-aged—each turned out worse than the other, till the climax arrived. His last importation—a total abstainer and gray-haired—opened the door to the chief elder with a lurch like a seaman's, and cap coquettishly poised over an ear. That clinched the matter.

A meeting was held, and it was decided the only way out of the difficulty was to get the minister to marry; and the woman was fixed on—Belle Lauder, the schoolmaster's sister, a fine strapping lass with plenty of common-sense, and not too young. To Æneas Cameron, a man of experience, he having had three wives, was deputed the task of arranging it with the minister.

But the minister was obdurate—said he would prefer to starve on a crust than be driven into matrimony with any woman. Not that he found fault with Miss Belle;

himself a schoolboy again, entering by the cottage door, a strapful of ragged books in his hand. Inside, his mother stood by her tub, one foot on the rocker of his little sister's cradle, and crooning to herself the words of an old ballad—

For the broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Were the words not ominous? Had he not heard that Belle once had a romance which ended in sorrow. A medical student passed with honors, and all the world seemed before him; but a cold caught in the dissecting room settled on his lungs, and the poor overworked frame had no fight left in it, and gave up at once to the unequal strife.

Yes; he would go to her that afternoon when school was dismissed. She would refuse him, only she was too proud to enter into it with the elder. And never would mortal man take his refusal so gratefully as he. Locked away in his desk was a little book, often read by him surreptitiously, for was he not a Presbyterian minister?

It had been left behind in the old Glasgow days by a Roman Catholic artisan who lodged with him. He took it up now, and read: "The sting of suffering is extracted when we cease to fight against it." "If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee . . . . where there will be an end of suffering." "If thou fling away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier one."

Yes, Belle was his cross. Anyhow, he would go to her, and not flee from her.

The shadows were lengthening over the common when the minister wended his way to the schoolhouse. By the parlor fire sat Belle, mending an old coat of her brother's for some poor man: the firelight flickered over her face and chased away the wrinkles—she looked almost pretty. At the minister's knock, she jumped up, and apologized for her brother's absence, never taking the visit to herself.

"Plague take the woman! Maiden modesty was well enough 'twixt boys and girls; but couldn't she give a man a lead?"

"My housekeeper," he began, "has proved no better than her predecessors—if possible, worse—although this one was chosen on account of her gray hairs. It is a striking illustration of the depravity of human nature from the cradle to the grave—in females," he added.

Without defending the stigma on her sex, she quietly offered her assistance in choosing a "new girl," as that was evidently what had brought the man. She appreciated the compliment of coming to her instead of to the married women.

Nobly he took the plunge. "Miss Belle," he said, "I'm not a ladies' man, and the manse is but a humble home, though good enough for an old bachelor like me. There came back to me the lines of an old song my mother used to sing:

The broken heart it kens
Nae second spring.

Do you hold with that, Miss Belle?"

Was it the minister who spoke? The man who shunned women! Was the slur of old-maidenhood to be removed for ever? The homely face was illumined as she looked shyly up, with glistening eyes and glowing cheeks: "Not a second spring, perhaps; but a sort of Indian summer—valued all the more because of coming after cold and gloom and fading hopes."

He was not, as he said, "a ladies' man;" but he understood. And if his sacrifice was great, great also was his reward; for with the advent of Belle to the manse, so

me up, old fellow; I wouldn't lose him for anything.

My interest began to weaken. Miss Sallie was safe, and the dog was locked up. What was a bloodhound to me? If the savage monster died, so much the better.

I went off to the stable. A ride over the prairie was not to be missed on such a morning, and there would be a chance of riding back with Sallie.

But I was doomed to disappointment. My horse was lame. It did not take long to convince me that somebody had been riding him the night before.

Just then Pedro came in sight. The ugly little Mexican gave a start when he saw me and looked away.

"You yellow rascal!" I shouted; "you had my horse last night!"

"No, senor."

"You are lying!"

"No, by all the saints, senor."

"Then where were you at midnight?"

"I was attending to my business," snapped Pedro.

He looked so viciously mean and so impudent that I gave him a light cut with my whip and told him to get out of my sight. He muttered something and slunk off. There was no other animal that I cared to ride, and I made up my mind to walk.

I had left the ranch several hundred yards behind me when I turned and looked back. Even at this distance I could plainly recognize Pedro. He was walking around a little cabin back of the kitchen, and was apparently peeping through the cracks.

"Looking at the man eater," I said to myself. "It is a good thing the beast is locked up."

The bracing morning air and the level prairie stretching out before me for miles tempted me to take a long walk. A long way off I could see a hill, the only one in all that flat country. Why not climb it and see what was on the other side? Perhaps Sallie was over there.

So I walked on with swinging strides for a couple of miles.

Suddenly I came to a dead halt.

"That sounds like the man's eater's bark!" I exclaimed. Again I heard it, and stopped a moment.

For an instant my muscles were paralyzed—I was absolutely unable to move.

A thousand horrible thoughts rushed into my mind. If this mad bloodhound was on my track my case was hopeless. I could not get back to the ranch; there was not a tree in sight, and the hill was still miles away. What was to be done?

I summoned all my strength and made a run at the top of my speed. I kept on as long as I could, and then paused to rest and listen. The man eater was coming my way, but not much faster than I could run.

I resumed my flight. Would a mad dog have his usual keen instincts about him? Would he pursue the trail or become confused and give it up?

These thoughts inspired me with a faint hope. If the dog's slow progress enabled me to reach the hill, where there was timber, I could climb a tree, or possibly he would be missed, and his master would ride in pursuit.

From one point where there was a gentle rise in the prairie I could see in the distance a moving speck.

It was the man eater steadily following my trail.

My surmise turned out to be partly correct. The animal seemed to be at fault,

slim one. With a tremendous effort I broke forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill or turn at the last moment and die, making a vain effort to choke the monster. The blood rushed to my head, and I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed.

The hound was rapidly making headway, and at last seemed to have me in view. A glance over my shoulder showed him not a hundred yards behind.

Everything was in a whirl. Somebody was riding out from behind the hill and coming my way. The hat, the riding habit—I could not be mistaken—it was Sallie Bolton. But my race was nearly run. Even with help in sight I could bear up no longer. The girl was riding like the wind, and I could see that she had a lasso in his hand.

I knew that this cattle queen, as the cowboys called her, could do anything almost with a lasso, but would she get there in time?

The man eater came bounding, and Sallie rode straight at him like a little thunderbolt. She whirled the lasso over and over around her head, and—but it was too late—I could hear the dog panting behind me!

A wave of darkness rolled over me as I fell to the ground, just as I heard something swish through the air.

But I was up in a minute—just in time to see my rescuer give a jerk that tightened the lasso round the dog's neck. A few convulsions, and the dog was strangled—dead within six feet of me. My thanks were cut short by the appearance of a light wagon driven by one of Bolton's neighbors, who offered to take me back to the ranch, an invitation not to be declined under the circumstances.

Sallie Bolton rode on ahead, and when I reached the house her father was waiting to congratulate me upon my escape. "It was Pedro's work," he said. "He unlocked the door and set the dog on your trail—at least I think so. He had a key, and he has disappeared.

Undoubtedly it was Pedro. He had been trying to pay me back.

I have never seen the Boltons since my adventure with the man eater, but I am not likely to forget the little cattle queen while I live.

In Life Apart.

BY S. U. W.

"WILL you be my wife?" said George Dudley.

As I remember it now, I think no man ever had a more cool or imperturbable face than that man, when he asked me this question, and stood awaiting my reply. He was nearly forty—I scarcely eighteen.

If I said no, he would bow profoundly, and walked out without a single ripple of annoyance in either his outer or inner self. I knew this very well. If I said yes, he would reply composedly, "We will consider it settled, then," and walk out all the same.

I did not answer at once, but stood looking through the open window at the lilacs, nodding and smiling beyond, then at the dusty road that stretched far away out into—what? How should I know, since the hills yonder had been my prison since infancy? I had a vague idea that the world, about which I heard sometimes, was a jumble of clamor and confusion

enough for me now to get away from my dependence upon them.

I turned suddenly round, and said, with a half tremor in my voice, "I will be your wife."

"We will consider it settled, then," he said, bowing his head complacently.

I was sure of his reply, for "We will consider it settled," was the seal upon all his contracts.

That was our betrothal. Every dream that I had ever had, was thrown utterly away for ever—my woman's heart sealed henceforth. No wonder that a slow horror crept through my veins when George Dudley turned away from the house, and I knew the deed was done.

We were married two months afterwards. The year that followed was one rife with railway speculation. My husband entered the arena with thousands of others, and, luckily for us, came out with a fortune in his hands. He was, of course, elated with his success, and in an auspicious moment promised to take me on the Continent. I think there was some gratitude in my heart for him then, however little there was afterwards, for one of my greatest desires was to travel.

The second anniversary of our marriage we were in Switzerland, and though my husband would much rather have seen a blacksmith's shop or cotton factory than all the hills and valleys of the Alps, yet I am bound to say that he was kind enough to gratify my tastes; and so, at my request, we had taken board with an English family there, and intended remaining for several weeks. There was also an artist and his sister boarding with us—Mr. and Miss Gwynne.

This Miss Gwynne was the first cultivated and refined lady I had ever really known. We became friends at once, and intimacy soon followed. No words can express my admiration of this woman, or the devoted love I lavished upon her from the first. I had had no one to love before, and she was at once sister and mother to me My husband was glad enough to find some one that would relieve him from the intolerable bore of going with me, here and there, to see the "sights," as he said, and soon Mr. and Miss Gwynne were my only companions.

I have said nothing of Mr. Gwynne, as yet, and all that I can say is that whatever was lacking in my husband I found in him. I hardly blame myself for what followed, for I was so young, and my life had been so utterly barren and starved before, that it was scarcely possible for me to see green fields without taking more than one step into their luxuriousness. I never had a mother to guide me, else, perhaps, these leaves of my life would never have been turned. She died when I was only a few months old. Remember this before condemning me.

I was a woman, and human. I loved Mr. Gwynne. That is the whole of it in few words.

My husband was blind, and could not suspect what was going on. He was unused to heart tragedies, having so little heart himself, and was wholly incapable of comprehending such love as my heart must know if it awoke at all.

Mr. Gwynne had a way of reading to us in the evening, while my husband dosed upon the sofa, or attended to his interminable letters; and while he was reading Lalla Rookh to us, his sister first saw what a volcano we were treading upon.

That evening, after reading my own room, I told my husband I felt feverish, and thought the air would do me good; and, throwing a mantle over my shoulders, I stepped from the window—we occupied a ground floor room—into the garden, and began to walk up and down. It was dark, cloudy, and nothing was visible a hand's breadth off. I looked once towards Mr. Gwynne's window, but there was no light there yet. I had reached the far end of the walk, and was just turning about, when I heard garments rustle, and before I had time to think what to do, Arthur Gwynne and his sister came down the walk slowly, arm in arm, and talking earnestly. The first words I caught were "Mrs. Dudley." Trembling like an aspen leaf, I crouched back in the bushes and waited. They came so near me that I could have touched them by stepping a pace forward; then they paused, and I overheard their conversation.

"All this may be," said Miss Gwynne; "but she is beyond your reach, brother. You know this. Have you no pity upon her youth?"

"She is beyond my reach, then, is she?" he replied slowly, speaking like one who was ready for anything, either right or wrong.

I could hear his sister catch her breath as she cried, "Arthur! Arthur! surely you are an honorable man? Are you mad?"

He paused a moment, then replied, angrily, "I am an honorable man, and I am not mad; but for heaven's sake, am I not to be pitied also? Do I not love her? and have we no rights? What or who are her friends, that they should have allowed her to marry that old miserable dotard, and ruin us both?"

The blood bounded through my veins with a rush that half stifled me.

"You must not talk so, Arthur," said his sister, quickly. "If you do not care for yourself, I care for you, and you shall do what I say. Do you hear?"

"Well, what?" said he, and his voice sounded moody and obstinate.

"I mean it for your good, Arthur," continued his sister. "How strangely you speak! What are you thinking of? Oh would that we had never come here!"

"She loves me, Helen," said he.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, and her voice was sharp with pain; but he did not heed it.

"I tell you she loves me. I do not care if all the world hears it; and—" here his voice sunk to a hoarse whisper—"she shall be mine!"

My brain was reeling. It would be impossible to endure much more. All this time I could see my husband sitting over his writing, as composedly as though I, his wife, was not upon the very verge of ruin.

Miss Gwynne's voice changed now entirely. It had been one of entreaty and persuasion before, but it turned to one of the most peremptory command and power.

"Arthur," she said, "I will expose all to-morrow, much as it would hurt me, if you do not promise to leave with me. I have not spoken of Mabel before; but you have made promises to her which must be kept."

I could hear him groan in anguish, and my own life seemed slipping away. I have an indistinct memory of what followed. I fainted, and then they discovered who had been their listener.

After I was able to sit up, Miss Gwynne came to me one morning, and, while she smoothed back my hair, said, quietly, "My dear, we leave to-morrow. You are young, and I pity you. You know I pity you."

"I feel you do," I replied, choking a little.

"And are you strong for your future?" she asked.

"No, oh no! Do not leave me," I sobbed out.

She quieted me as a mother might a fretful child, and wiping away the tears that were flooding my face, said gently, "There is One who is far better than any mortal. He will help you, my poor child. Now listen! Arthur will not leave without seeing you. You know he is betrothed to another, and even if he were not, you know it is wrong and sinful for you to think of him, save as an acquaintance. I hear his step now. Be careful of your words."

As his sister spoke he came in, and closed the door.

"Am I not to see her alone?" he asked, looking at his sister frowningly.

"You are not," she replied, firmly. "I will go to the far end of the room, if you wish," she added, drawing back to the window, and looking out.

"We are never to meet again, you and I," he began.

I shrunk away from his eyes, turning my face to the wall.

"We may both be free in years hence," he continued; "and, if we are——"

Something called a conscious here rose up within me stronger than it had ever done before. I rose. Both our faces grew pale.

"You are going to Rome, I believe?" I said, steadily.

He bowed his head.

"I wish you a pleasant journey," I said. "Good-by."

I gave him my hand; he wrung it fiercely, and was gone. His sister came forward, and, kissing me a hundred times, said, "Heaven will reward you. You are stronger than he is."

The next day they left, and four months later I read the announcement of the marriage of Arthur Gwynne and Mabel Lee.

Six years afterwards we were both free, and then Arthur Gwynne came and asked me to be his wife; but my soul had, in standing beside him, stood too near perdition once, to be perilled again. I could not look back upon that time, without gasping as if in mortal terror; so I said, "It is impossible. We must live apart."

CUTTING a swell—lancing a boil.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A party of ten went ghost hunting in an old churchyard at Providence, R. I., recently. Each was armed with a gun. They had no sooner secreted themselves behind tombstones than a strange noise was heard. Instantly each hunter discharged his weapon in the air and took to his heels for home. One, in his terror, ran into a barbed wire fence and was seriously injured.

Eight loads of human hair arrived in Paris recently, consigned to dealers in that merchandise. The hair came from India and China, whence thousands of pounds are annually sent to England and France. This traffic, a foreign medical journal says, is the cause of the introduction of many diseases into Europe. The hair is cut from persons after death in China, and although it is disinfected upon arrival in France, it often carries the germs of disease.

Some years ago an enormous deposit of anthracite coal was discovered in Canada, and it was thought that if a duty was not placed upon it, our miners in Pennsylvania would be driven from the field. Somebody secured a specimen of the Canadian anthracite and sent it to a savant at Yale, who was asked to give his opinion upon it. He made an examination of it and wrote back: "My opinion, after a careful examination of this coal, is that the man who sits upon it on the day of judgment will be the last to burn."

The bottom of the Atlantic Ocean is not strictly a basin whose depth increases regularly toward the centre. It is rather a saucer or dish-like one, so even is the contour of its bed. The greatest depth in the Atlantic has been found some hundred miles to the northward of the island of St. Thomas, where soundings of three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five fathoms were obtained. The seas round Great Britain can hardly be regarded as forming part of the Atlantic hollow. They are rather a part of the platform banks of the European continent that the ocean has overflowed.

Should a man who witnesses a dog fight attempt to separate the dogs? is a question that is being argued in the Boston Supreme Court. The plaintiff in the case saw two dogs fighting in the street. Being something of a humanitarian, he stepped in on behalf of the under dog, who rewarded him by transferring his grip from his dog antagonist to his man rescuer. The plaintiff was severely bitten, and brought suit against the owner of the dog. To the surprise of the defendant the plaintiff recovered a verdict of over $100. The defendant says that the plaintiff was a trespasser from the very instant he took hold of the dogs, and cannot, under the correct rules of law, recover damages.

A party of hunters in a remote spot in the little town of Mackinaw, Illinois, noticed that a landslide had uncovered a hole in one of the hills. They brought help from this city and followed a narrow passageway for about two miles into the earth. Then they came upon a series of small rooms, divided with regularity and with every appearance of once having been inhabited. Bones were found, which are pronounced those of human beings, while war weapons hung upon the rocks which partitioned the rooms. The spot is so isolated that the owner of the land said he had never before been over it. But now he has built a fence about the cave, charges an admission fee and is doing a land-office business.

A woman of Carrolton, Ky., thought that she would be able to stop a leak in the bottom of an iron pot by driving a piece of lead into it. So she got one of her husband's pistol cartridges out of the drawer and began the driving process with a hammer. Now the good lady didn't understand the philosophy of the cartridge, and never dreamed that it would explode from the concussion of a hammer, seeing no powder about the thing. But there is no knowledge like that which comes from experience—although the price paid in that way is sometimes very high. This cartridge exploded, and the flesh of the thumb and finger with which she held it was considerably torn. And that old pot still leaks as it did before.

A curious Rip Van Winkle like story has just come to light in New Brunswick, N. J. Six years ago one stormy night George Messler had a quarrel with his wife on account of his propensity to drink, and left her. Search failed to locate him, but, although finally led to believe him dead, Mrs. Messler did not re-marry. During a storm one night last week she beheld a face at the kitchen window of her house, but it soon vanished. Later the woman met a neighbor, who declared he had just met and conversed with her husband. Mr. Messler, the neighbor said, had come to the window and looked in, but, as he did not see any encouragement in her face to come in, he concluded he was unforgiven, and was going away again. The wanderer has not since been seen.

NO FUN.—There is a good anecdote told of Cham, the French caricaturist, and Philippe Gille, a man of letters. Once they had a violent quarrel in a theatre after the play was over. Their friends interceded, but made matters only worse.

One of the men challenged the other. Seconds were named on the spot, and both men insisted that the preliminaries of the meeting should be arranged at once. The seconds stepped into an adjoining room to make the grim arrangements for the duel, leaving the two principals in the same apartment.

"What shall be the weapons?" one second asked.

"Pistols."

"No," said the first speaker; "with pistols it is all over so quickly that one has no chance to see anything."

The partition between the room in which this discussion occurred and the one in which Cham and Gille, glaring at the floor, were waiting was so thin that the two men heard every word. They looked up at each other.

"That isn't very funny to hear," said Cham.

"Hardly," said Gille;" we'd better go out on the stage."

They went out into the solemn gloom of the deserted stage, and found that also unpleasant.

"Let's go out into the street," said one to the other.

They went out, and presently saw a good many people going into a restaurant. They followed mechanically, and sat down at a table. Half an hour afterwards, when the seconds had completed the arrangements for the fight, they were surprised not to find the principals where they left them, and, when they went in search of them, they found them supping merrily together, entirely reconciled.

AS WITH US.—A story interesting to collectors of folk-lore is told of a native Matabele, who claimed compensation because he had been bitten by a white man's dog. It was refused. "But at least," said the would-be thief, "give me a hair of the dog that bit me to put in my wound, and all will be well." It is curious to find the English superstition with regard to the hair of the dog that bites us paralleled in the beliefs of the Matabele people.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

TOO CLEVER.

BY S. P.

TOMMY had never had a wholesixpence in all his life before, and it came to him quite by chance, when he was not even thinking of such a thing. A strange doctor's gig was driving along the school road, when the whip fell out of the socket. No one saw it fall but Tommy, who straightway swooped down upon it, hurled his satchel into the hedge, and tore after the flying carriage as fast as his small legs would carry him.

He had a famous chase after it down the dusty road, and by the time the doctor pulled up at Farmer Bennett's door, Tommy was completely out of breath. The doctor thanked him with a friendly pat on the head, and presented him with the sixpence in return for his exertions. Tommy walked sedately back to look after his deserted satchel, feeling almost overwhelmed by the amount of his riches.

"Well, did you get a 'peppermint or a penny from him?" demanded Willie Smith with friendly interest. Willie had been watching the race from the top bar of the field gate, and was quite ready to go shares in the reward, if any there were.

"A peppermint!" echoed Tommy in unutterable scorn. "Do you see that, Willie Smith? You'll be sorry you didn't give me those two marbles this morning—it's too late now."

"There they are, and three of mine beside. I was only keeping them for fun," protested Willie with great earnestness. Tommy with a whole sixpence to invest was a person well worth the sacrifice of three marbles, and Tommy understood that very well indeed.

"It's no use, Willie," he returned, swinging his satchel over his shoulder. "I can buy as many marbles as I want, but you needn't think I'm going to spend it right off. I've got to make up my mind first."

It was coming out of afternoon school that this adventure befell Tommy; half an hour later all his friends and acquaintances were gathered together to help him in making up his mind.

"Why, you can buy that big yellow kite at Mother Green's for sixpence, tail and string, too," said friend number one.

"Or there's a lovely boat, with a sail and rudder, for sixpence, in Thompson's window," from friend number two, "and we could all take turns at it, down at the pond."

But Tommy would agree to none of these things. It was very well for boys without a single penny of their own to tell him what he ought to buy. Sixpence was sixpence, and once spent there would be no altering, however many better investments he might chance to come across afterwards.

He went and looked at the kite at Mother Green's: it was a fine one, certainly but there was a fishing-rod, book and line all complete, for the same money, and Tommy had wanted a fishing-rod for weeks—ever since Willie Smith got one, in fact; only this one wasn't quite as big, and Willie would be sure to point that out at once. It was very hard to know what to do.

"Tommy, you might buy me one orange out of it; I gave you half my cake on Sunday," put in his little sister Lucy. She had pattered up behind him, and was looking wistfully at the pile of oranges on the lower shelf.

"I daresay," said Tommy: "break my sixpence for one sour orange! Don't bother me now. Can't you see I'm thinking?"

Tommy thrust his hands deep into his pockets and turned his back to the window while he considered the matter with all his might.

"It's going to be the kite, Lucy," he told her presently. "It's the biggest thing I can get for the money; you just come in and see me buy it. Oh!"

Tommy came to a sudden stop, his hair almost standing on end with dismay, for in the corner of his trousers pocket was a tiny hole—so tiny that he had never once remembered it when he trusted the precious sixpence to that pocket's keeping. Still, the sixpence had contrived to find it out, and alas! for the kite, the fishing-rod, and all the other dear delights that vanished away like snowflakes that same instant.

"Perhaps it's fallen among the stones somewhere," suggested Lucy, anxious to console him; "let us look all about here."

To no purpose; neither among the pebbles on the path, nor the dock-leaves and dandelions at the side, was there any sign of the lost treasure. Tommy looked with dim eyes at the waving grass in the meadow he had rattled across so lightly only a few minutes ago.

"Come and help me to look here, Lucy," he begged. "I know I had it then, for I was polishing it on my jacket sleeve."

"It's such a big meadow," demurred Lucy, who was tired, and wanted her supper.

"You'd come fast enough if it was yours," retorted Tommy. "Look here: if you find it, I'll buy you the two biggest oranges in Mother Green's window. I don't care a bit about the kite now, if only I can find my sixpence."

"You're sure?"

"Of course I am. Come along; it'll be getting dark directly."

Tommy vaulted over the gate and, as he alighted, Lucy's quick ears caught the chink of something.

"Tommy, I heard it," she cried excitedly. "Feel all round the lining where your slate pencil went; perhaps it isn't lost at all."

And there, safe and sound, lay the lost sixpence, in company with a button and two steel pens that had also disappeared a week since.

Tommy flung up his cap with a joyful hurrah.

"If ever I put anything into the old pocket again—well, I'll deserve to lose it. Hurrah!"

"Let us go and buy the oranges first thing," said Lucy cheerfully.

Tommy's face fell; he had forgotten that part of the bargain. He stood still, the first glow of satisfaction rapidly cooling down.

"That was only if you looked all over the field," he said slowly, "and you never even began to look. I wonder at you, Lucy. I wouldn't be so greedy. I'm not going to spend it now on anything; I'm going to keep it always."

Tears came splashing down Lucy's face.

"You promised, Tommy," she protested "and you wouldn't even have thought of looking inside the lining if I hadn't told you. It's not fair; I'll not help you next time you lose it."

"There'll be no next time," he laughed, putting the precious coin into his mouth for perfect safety. "It will be clever if it comes out of that without me knowing."

So that was to be all her reward. Lucy sat down on the lowest step of the stile, and cried quietly. Tommy on the top bar began to whistle "Pop goes the Weasel" by way of stifling any doubts on the subject. Half through the second line, something flew into his small nose. Whether it was a gnat or a seed from the flowering grass, or whether it was just sheer aggravation, will never be clearly known, but Tommy gave a loud and unexpected sneeze, something flashed through the air right into the middle of Farmer Bennett's duck-pond, there was a faint ripple among the bright green weeds on the surface, and a cry of utter despair from the bank.

"Oh, Tommy! why didn't you hold it tight? You'll never get it back any more now," cried Lucy, aghast at this second disaster.

No answer. Tommy flung himself down on the grass, and covered his face with his hands. Lucy, almost crying too for sympathy, sat down beside him, and waited patiently till he felt ready to get up and go home.

"I believe it's just because I cheated you, Lucy," he said presently in a choked voice. "I'm awful sorry now; but don't go telling the other fellows. I don't want them all laughing at me for it."

And Lucy promised—she generally did whatever Tommy told her to do—and neither Willie Smith nor anyone else found out what had become of the sixpence.

"It wasn't lost." Tommy denied it wrathfully when they hinted as much. He knew exactly where it was, but he wasn't going to spend money on kites or any other nonsense, to be broken to pieces in no time; he meant to keep it where it was.

Nevertheless, Tommy is a little more particular about keeping promise nowadays, for in his own mind he firmly believes that the sixpence went into its hiding-place by way of judgment for that broken promise.

AT OTHERS' EXPENSE.—In his younger days, Goethe, the celebrated German poet, was not at all above practical joking of a comparatively harmless nature. Thus it is related that once, while enjoying a bath in the river at midnight, he observed a peasant crossing a neighboring bridge.

Immediately the poet raised himself half out of the water, and, with his long hair flying round him, gave utterance to a series of wild unearthly noises.

The peasant promptly fled from the spot, and lost no time in spreading the report that the river was haunted by a whole company of mermen, pixies, and other water spirits.

On another occasion, when he was staying at the court of Saxe Weimar with his friend Duke Charles Augustus, one of the court ladies, when about to retire for the night, found her candle suddenly extinguished just before she reached her bedroom door.

Taking no notice of the occurrence, she groped along in the dark, but, to her astonishment, could not find the door-handle.

Again and again she felt her way along the wall, but with the same result. At last she made up her mind to go to the Duchess for advice. The latter, however, was already asleep, and no help was to be had from her.

The poor lady did not care to take anyone else into her confidence, for fear of being laughed at, and so spent some hours in the vain search, only to find at last that Goethe and the Duke himself had, with their own hands, taken the door off its hinges some time earlier in the evening, and carefully walled up the entrance to the room.

"ONE OF MY LETTERS.—Some people readily forget that they were ever young, and never recognize the fact that history is apt to repeat itself in individual humanity as well as in wider senses. A father and mother stood gazing with frowning brows at their daughter, while she was trembling and weeping. Their frowns deepened as their mother wiped her glasses preparatory to reading a letter found in the girl's pocket. It began—

"'Angel of my existance——'"

"What," cried the old man—"you don't mean to say it begins like that? Oh that a child of mine should correspond with—But pray proceed, my dear."

"'Existence' spelled with an 'a,' too," added the mother.

"Why, the idiot can't spell!" said the old man.

"'It is impossible for me to describe the joy with which your presence has filled me.'"

"Then why does he attempt it, the ass? But pray don't let me interrupt you. Go on—go on!"

"'I have spent the whole night in thinking of you——'"

"That's picturesque, anyhow."

"'And in bitterly deriding the obstinate besotted old hunks who will not consent to our union.'"

"Hunks! Hunks! Oh, let me get at him!"

"But, Theodorus, my dear," interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, yes—one moment! I was about to observe that the hand that could pen such words would not stop at murder!"

"Theodorus, I didn't see this over leaf."

"Eh? Let me see. Hum! 'Yours, with all the love of my heart, THEODORUS—10th May, 1855.' Why, bless my eyes, it's one of my letters!" Sensation.

"Yes, pa," explained the olive-branch; "I found it yesterday—only you wouldn't let me speak." "You may go into the garden, dear. Hem—we've made a pretty mess of it!"

DETECTED BY A DOG.—A curious story of a canine musical ear is told of a London organ-grinder's dog. The organ-grinder was blind and aged, and the dog led him about. One night, after a hard day's work, the old man and his faithful companion lay down to sleep with the organ beside them. They slept soundly, and when they woke the organ was gone.

They were in despair. Their means of earning a living was gone. But the dog led the old man through the streets where he had been accustomed to play, and persons who had given him alms before continued to befriend him, so that the loss of the organ proved not so bad after all.

Weeks went by. One day the old man heard a hand-organ played a few feet from him. It reminded him of his lost instrument, but he paid no special attention to it. Hand-organs were common in London, and he heard them often.

Not so the dog. He showed signs of great excitement, barked violently, and led his master in the direction of the organ.

He sprang at the robber's throat, dragged him away from the stolen organ, and led his master eagerly up to it with expressions of delight.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A nickel-in-the-slot telephone has been invented.

White blackberries are raised at Emmett, Mich.

A New York saloon is named "The Right Spot."

One-half the wealth of England is held by 1000 persons.

A dentist at Lancaster, Ky., claims to have pulled 140 teeth in a single day.

A foot of newly-fallen snow changes into only an inch of water when melted.

Seven duels are shortly to be fought in the City of Mexico by prominent men.

More ducks are estimated to be eaten by the Chinese than by any other nationality.

Germany, with her 980 steamships, is now second to Great Britain in steam navigation.

It is estimated that the annual amount of dew in England is equal to five inches of rain.

A New York dog, whose eyesight is affected, is daily seen wearing a pair of spectacles.

A dredger powerful enough to cut its way through soft rock has been constructed in Scotland.

Pious Russians do not eat pigeons, because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures.

A National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty has been formed in England.

Chicago's Masonic Temple has a population of 3000, and 50 janitors are employed. The outside windows number 1429.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us that it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

Only about one-twelfth of the lands of Idaho have been taken up, and some parts of the State are as yet unexplored.

A man in Lexington, Ky., has sued a neighbor for $2500 damages sustained to a suit of clothes through a dog's ferocity.

Rubies of the true pigeon-blood color are so rare that it is estimated they are worth ten times their weight in diamonds.

A portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds has sold for $53,000 in a London auction room, the highest price on record for such sales.

In the Argentine Republic the new punishment for common drunkards is to sentence them to sweep the streets for eight days.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at King Tung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of another.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, if not the finest. It is 25 miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

It is claimed that the wild lands of Maine would make 13 States as large as Rhode Island, two as large as New Hampshire and Vermont, and one twice as large as Massachusetts.

On a territory about the area of Montana Japan supports 40,000,000 people in comparative comfort. Reckoning our own area at 24 times that of Japan, this country at that rate would support 960,000,000 people.

Forty-five pounds of corn are said to be worth only a cent and a half in Russia today, and many farmers are sending their cattle into the fields, as the cost of harvesting would exceed the price of the corn.

Children at Gibraltar, until they reach an age which brings them better knowledge, believe that the sun always sets with a bang. This fancy is due to the never omitted report of the sunset gun in the fort on the strait.

A collection of 80,000 stuffed birds will be one of the attractions of a museum now in course of erection at Leyden, Holland. The building will, in size, outrank anything of the kind in the world, except the British Museum.

Parrots are put to a practical test in Germany. They have been introduced into the railway stations and trained to call out the name while the train stands there, and thus save people the trouble of making inquiries.

A teacher traces the increasing number of children wearing spectacles to the habit of bringing the eyes unnecessarily close to a book or paper in school, and urges instruction in the manner of holding the head as well as in that of holding the pen.

The blue mold on cheese resembles bread mold. It bears a cluster of branches, each of which is a layer of naked spores, like a string of beads, all breaking apart when matured. These produce new fungi. This same mold is found on old leather, and oftentimes develops on the surface of preserved fruits.

A thunderbolt which wrecked a church steeple in Norwich, Conn., recently, is claimed by insurance men to have wrought more havoc than has ever before been caused in the history of the insurance business by a single bolt unaided by an accompanying fire. The church society was awarded $668.32 by the insurance company.

A MEMORY.

BY ALETH A.

The sea was smiling in the evening glow,
All dimples bright, when first we met;
Adown the sky the sun was sinking slow—
Ah, how can I forget?

Amid the glories of the dying day
I saw thee then—I see thee yet,
Though years have aped and I am growing gray;
But I can ne'er forget.

The Land of Shadows holds thee far from me;
A fond and bitter-sweet regret
Is mine alone. Ah, let me come to thee,
For I can ne'er forget!

UNSUSPECTED DANGERS.

We have always considered walking to be one of the healthiest forms of exercise, but it appears, from a theory lately started by a French army doctor named Colin, that the shock caused by the heel of the boot striking the ground is extremely bad for the nervous system. Dr. Colin, who has been making extensive experiments, declares that this constant jar, slight as it is, has in time a prejudicial effect on the spine and brain; and to this is due a great part of the feeling of fatigue after long walks. Especially is this the case with soldiers, who have considerable weight in arms and accoutrements to carry. In a day's march of about twenty-one miles this shock is repeated about forty thousand times, and to this Dr. Colin ascribes the frequent headaches suffered by the men after long marches. As a means of prevention the doctor proposes india-rubber heels.

This news is bad enough for man; but poor woman has an additional cause for uneasiness, arising from the very ground on which she treads—the dust, mud, and other accumulations on pavements having been proved from recent investigations to contain bacilli of the most dangerous character. As if this were not sufficiently terrifying, a Viennese doctor has lately been experimenting with some grapes which he bought. After rinsing the dust from the grapes in pure spring water, he found the water very dirty. As an experiment he injected some of this water into three guinea-pigs. One died in two days of peritonitis; the other two also died after a lapse of over a month. On examination, the bodies showed pronounced tuberculosis originating in the site of inoculation.

Nor are the children free, since it has been remarked that the wearing by them of red stockings coincides with pustular eruptions on their legs and feet. The Board of Health in Paris employed M. Schutzenberger, a chemical expert, to ascertain whether the dyes coloring the stockings contained poisonous matter. In his Report he says that all the many specimens submitted to him derived their red color from matters obtained from aniline and containing a large proportion of antimoniac oxide. As children perspire freely, this matter enters into solution, and is thus taken into the pores. The Professor had no doubt that it was the cause of the pustular rash which accompanies the use of red stockings. The Board of Health thereupon reported in favor of the interdiction for wearing apparel of dyes obtained from metallic preparations.

That this, at all events, is no cry of "Wolf" was proved by the sad case of Mr. Cronin, chief of the town police in Pretoria, South Africa, who in June last year was laid up with fever and a swelling that commenced with the feet and ankles, extended over the whole body till his eyes were nearly closed, the result, according to local medical opinion, of poisoning from colored socks.

Another note of warning is sounded from South Africa to ladies who are given over to an inordinate love of bangles. Last January a Kaffir girl presented herself at Grey's Hospital, Kingwilliamstown, desiring that her arm should be amputated. It appeared that the bangles which she wore had so compressed the flesh as to produce extreme inflammation, and it became absolutely necessary that the arm should be amputated. The operation was successfully performed by Drs. Blaine and Brownlee, and the patient will now no more wear ornaments on that arm at least. To such an extent will fashion, even amongst the dusky savages, enslave the fair sex.

The danger through arsenical poisoning in our homes is not confined to the wall-papers, having been found often present in cretonnes and imitation Indian muslin in poisonous quantities. A bad specimen of cretonne has yielded on analysis nineteen and a half grains of white arsenic, two and a half grains having been known to be a fatal dose. Some months back a London doctor experimented upon forty-four samples of cretonne supplied by a local tradesman, not one of which was absolutely free from the poison; eleven of them were grouped by the analyst as "very bad," and nine as "distinctly dangerous." It is quite a common occurrence to have pieces of these substances in a room containing sufficient arsenic to give one hundred people a fatal dose. A very popular impression has been that greens and blues are the dangerous colors, but the analyst declares that reds, browns and blacks are more dangerous still.

A common cause of blood-poisoning was recently quoted by a doctor at one of the Berlin hospitals, to which institution a seamstress was admitted suffering from blood-poisoning, caused by using a common metal thimble, when she had a slight scratch on her finger. On examination, the thimble was found to have two or three small spots of verdigris inside.

The foregoing are far from exhausting the stock of such recent disclosures; the drinking of tea is said to have an injurious effect upon the complexion, by darkening the skin and causing pimples; but what is the unkindest cut of all, a Berlin scientific gentleman informs us that danger lurks in a kiss. He has counted and classified the bacteria which lodge in the human mouth — some twenty-two distinct species. His conclusion is that persons who cannot abstain from so dangerous a habit as kissing should indulge in it through the medium of a respirator!

If from time to time unpleasant truths be discovered, as they must be, it is a moot-question whether their publication is in every case beneficial or necessary; and though it is well to be forwarned, there are cases in which "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Grains of Gold.

Working without a plan is a waste of strength.

There are some very good people who love to tell news.

A great deal of stealing is being done that does not go by that name.

No tears are shed when the man dies who has lived only for himself.

No man is good who has come to the conclusion that he is good enough.

Truth always travels in the middle of the road, no matter whom it meets.

It is better to run the shoes down at the heel than to be too lazy to walk.

Thinking well is wise, planning well wiser, doing well wisest and best of all.

There are too many people who won't know what giving means by experience.

A counterfeit is always proclaiming at the top of its voice that there is a genuine.

Egotism always looks at his "neighbor" through the wrong end of the telescope.

It takes both grace and grit to get along pleasantly with people who never make mistakes.

If some people knew that the sun had spots on it, they would almost worry themselves to death.

Every man's life is a failure who does not try to do something to leave the world richer than he found it.

Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board, but let truth, love, honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.

Femininities.

The Chicago District Telegraph Company will try girl messengers.

It is calculated that 27,000 widowers remarry, as against 18,500 widows.

The aristocratic female bicyclists at Long Branch are followed by grooms on wheels.

Adam was the first odd fellow, but when he took Eve into partnership, he ceased to be of the independent order.

Judge Kimborough adjourned his court at Cynthiana, Ky., the other day, in order to allow the lawyers to attend the circus.

John Hays Hammond, the Yankee engineer of the British South African Company, receives a salary of $60,000 a year.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

"In that trouble about the money being lost Blinks didn't act like a man."

"What could he have done that he didn't?"

"Blamed it on his wife."

Immigrant: At last I am in free America! A man can do pretty much as he pleases in this country, can't he?

Native: Y-e-s—unless he's married!

It is now rumored that childless millionaire Russell Sage will build a monument to himself by leaving in his will a fortune of over $25,000,000 in philanthropic bequests.

A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven; and we look with love and wonder upon its silent grace, its pure fragrance, its delicate bloom of beauty.

Broadly speaking, this world of ours may be divided into two classes, people who have trouble with their servants and people who can't afford to have any servants to have trouble with.

"I see Miss Sanders and Miss Smiley are always together. What dear friends they must be!"

"Not at all. You see, each of them has an unmarried brother."

Visitor, to Jones, at 11 P. M.: "That young lady in the house across the way sings like a bird."

Jones, unkindly: "Well, not altogether. You see, a bird stops singing at night."

A 9-year-old girl named Keen, living near Bradshaw, W. V., threw a rope over one of the rafters of the house and hanged herself, recently, because she had to take care of the younger children of the family.

The optimist, at the summer hotel: Say, do you want to meet some lovely creatures without a particle of affectation or deception?

The cynic: No; I want to meet some girls.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the Imperial State Crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry the Fifth at Agincourt.

The Emperor of China, who is 23 years old, is now studying the French and English languages, while Prince Yoshi Hito, the 14 year-old heir presumptive to the Japanese throne, is pursuing a course in German.

Helen Kellar, the remarkable deaf, dumb and blind girl, has added to her accomplishments the ability to distinguish colors. She has a drawer full of hair ribbons of various colors, and she can select any desired ribbon by touch.

Mrs. Debs says of her husband, the ex-strike agitator, that "he doesn't go to any church at all. He's an infidel. We are a family of infidels, every one of us. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, whom we all know and admire, is our only Pope."

At Gettysburg: "Found any landmarks?"

"Yes; and I was thinking how you must have expanded since the war. Here's the tree you stood behind during the whole battle, and it covered you well then."

Mrs. Dimpleton: I would like hotel life, but I am so lonesome all day while my husband is at the office.

Mrs. Cheltenham: Why don't you keep house? Then you can spend your spare time in thinking what you will have for breakfast.

"Never marry a girl whose mouth turns down at the corners," says a schoolteacher; "because such a girl is invariably of a sour, morose disposition, with a very jealous make-up." Girls, take notice, and turn up the corners of your mouth, or the men will turn their nose up at you.

President Harper says that he entered upon his duties at Chicago University opposed to co-education, having great misgivings because of the presence of the girls. He now declares that the young women's department of the university is the only one that never gave him any trouble.

"Marie and George have separated, you know. He told her one night that when he was out of town he always felt as though he would give $10 for just a word with her."

"Well?"

"And so the next time he went to Chicago she put him to the test by calling him up on a long-distance telephone and making him pay the bill."

Masculinities.

A Danbury, Conn., suicide was the father of 20 children.

A girl at El Paso, Ill., started a $176,000 fire while curling her bangs.

The personal column is being introduced by newspapers in Germany.

The man who helps to lift somebody else's burden gets a stronger arm by doing it.

Dr. Virchow, it is said, has fallen into the habit of taking only 3 hours' sleep out of the 24.

Every man owes something to himself; but what he owes other people is what bothers.

The imaginations of man are in a great measure under the control of their opinions.

There are 28 nationalities represented in the population of Chicago according to a recent census.

In the northern part of Florida, about Baldwin, mosquito masks are worn by outdoor workmen.

Patrons of an Aberdeen, Wash., barber shop are furnished free a game of billiards with each shave.

Twenty-four of the forty-one members of the new National Constituent Assembly of Honduras are doctors.

"The other night I dreamed I was in heaven. Do you suppose it is a sign I am going to die?" "Well, hardly."

Dr. Meldon, of Dublin, Ireland, weighs a trifle of 378 pounds or so, but he manages to ride a bicycle and play lawn tennis.

The same carpet has been stolen three times in succession during the last three months from the house of a New York man.

A policeman of Peru, Ill., after vainly trying to quiet the Mayor of that city, whom he found intoxicated and disorderly, placed him under arrest.

The largest sum ever paid for a book is said to be $50,000, that the German Government gave for a missal that Pope Leo presented to Henry VIII.

A machine resembling an ordinary safety bicycle, and driven in the same way, but which is adapted for use on either snow or ice, has been patented.

The sharpshooting gun captains of the Monocacy, Portsmouth, Alliance, Yorktown, Petrel, Chicago, Ranger and Miantonomoh prove almost all to be foreign-born.

The Empress Eugenie recently took Prince Napoleon with her to Windsor to present him to the Queen as her heir. Most of her wealth is in good English stocks.

A Cincinnati man recently cut his hand, and his physician recommended arnica. He took it internally, and now the wound is about the only well place about him.

Marie: "Why is Mr. Puffer in such a hurry to marry Maud?"

Jack: "He promised her that he wouldn't smoke a cigar while they were engaged."

Change of ownership: "Are you the owner of this house, Jones?"

"I was before the baby was born. I am under the impression the nurse owns it now."

The daughter of the late King of Sweden, now Crown Princess of Denmark, is the giantess among the royal personages of Europe. Her highness amounts to considerably over six feet.

Japanese papers say that the oldest married couple in the world live in their country. The man is 133 years old and his wife 135. The eldest daughter is 108 and the oldest son 105.

A good-natured firm of London teamsters utilized their horses and plant during the dull season in giving country drives to poor children, and furnished them with simple refreshments.

Rev. Mr. Job, of North Middleboro, Mass., has fitted up in the steeple of his church a playroom, in which babies are taken care of by volunteer nurses while the mothers attend divine service.

It is nearly safe to say that the most disappointed man in this wide, wide world is the man who expects to get a letter by a particular post from his sweetheart, and receives instead a bill from his tailor.

"If you were about to commit suicide," said the pale, mournful girl, "what poison would you select?"

"I would select tyrotoxicon, a poison which I understand is obtainable only in ice cream," replied the girl to whom life is a pleasure.

The number of millionaires in England is not so great as one might believe. According to the report of the income tax officials, there are in England 71 persons with an annual income of $250,000; over 1100 draw $50,000 annually, and only about 10,000 have an income of $10,000.

Many old bachelors remain old bachelors because they hear so much complaint about babies. The fact is that a baby is not one quarter the trouble it is charged with being. Any young couple can get along with one, if they try. Papa can sit up half the night with it, and mamma can sit up the other half. What could be simpler?

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

One favorite form of traveling costume has rounded fronts, the basque being cut full at the sides and back so far as to form several regular flutes. A pretty traveling costume in suede colored cloth, has a jacket with basques of this sort, bordered with a stitched band of the material, the seams and darts being treated in the same way. A blue cambric or silk skirt shows between the open fronts, which are faced with white-watered silk and have a row of bone buttons on each side. Three rows of stitching ornament the hem of the skirt, and the top of the front breadth is made to button down on the one immediately behind it.

Rounded and fluted, too, are the jacket basques of another costume, made in small checked and white woolen. The skirt is similar in shape to the preceding, but is entirely plain and has no stitched border or buttons. The jacket is turned back by flat lapels making one with a rounded collar at the back, and faced with white colored silk. With it is worn a full chemisette of white foulard, mounted to a plain collar of the same and confined at the waist by a white watered ribbon belt.

Another very different model has a jacket or rather a coat—with long basque covering very nearly half the skirt. It is made of bluish-gray serge. The jacket, similar to the foregoing, is fitted closely to the figure, by means of four seams and two darts. Into the latter vertical pockets are introduced with little caps. The jacket is drawn together on the bust, where two buttons are placed, and above this it is turned by pointed lapels, so wide that they nearly cover the sleeves, which are very wide and full down to below the elbow, from whence they are tight fitting

Novelties are to be seen in lace collars. Open lace and other open-work arabesque designs, also embroidered tulle in nutter colors, are made up into fairly long capes with revers of colored gauffre gauze. Trimmings with rosettes on the same material are also stylish.

Some new forms without any colored trimming, made up in applique, look well and find buyers. The seams on these are barely visible with the naked eye. The forms are either sailor at the back and pointed in front or entirely round, but the shoulder pieces are made as small as possible.

A new material for bows is a large meshed silk tulle with peculiar finish, which is called the Theodora tulle, and which is sufficiently pliable to suit. Much crepe de chine in all good colors is also used. The ends of the bows in this case are trimmed with narrow lace and then thickly folded. Entire shawls are also made of this material with a four to six inches wide plisse piece at the ends.

Some new printed designs for batiste crepons have found good favor for the ground or for the head of morning goods. Colored gauffre fringes are well suited for these.

The new jabots which are being made for the winter have the form of capes arranged at the shoulders in fan folds. In front below are attached two long boa ends which are trimmed at the belt with knotted trimming. The boa ends have a length of about one yard. The neck is trimmed with a ruche.

If the dress is of a simple style of fashion and material it is rendered elaborate by a profusion of ribbon trimmings. Lawn and batiste dresses are covered with ribbons, for ribbons are more in favor than ever. They are worn in bows, cravats and bretelles, scarfs and sashes. Sometimes a ribbon goes round the neck, then falls in lapels to the waist, is rounded off to the back, crossed and tied into long loops and lapels in front. Sometimes it follows the outline of the shoulders, and falls in a shower of loops on one side.

An elegant toilet with a moyen-age skirt is of champagne colored summer serge, caught up over a skirt of pale buff foulard, covered with unbleached guipure. The back of the bodice is of plain serge, the front is of guipure over foulard, with a small drapery over the chest, forming a loose bow at the side. Sleeve formed of several puffings coming down to the edge of the long kid glove.

Venetian point, Irish guipure and all such thick laces with heavy patterns are those most in vogue. Deep borders of such lace are put on round the foot of skirts with the peaks upwards. They are put on in the same way upon revers, berthes and collars.

The great rage just now is for combinations of fancy moire and plain silk. The fancy moire in no way resembles the classical watered silk dear to our grandmothers; its patterns are of the strangest and most fanciful, and sometimes part of them are outlined with fine gold tinsel of the happiest effect. This fancy moire is very prettily employed for berthes, bat's-wings, capes and basques, peaked collars and revers, and also for the long, loose panels falling from the top of the bodice on each side the front to the foot of the skirt, which are so fashionable just now. Light beige materials are frequently trimmed with black fancy moire, over which is laid a border of thick guipure of the same shade of beige as the dress. This is quite a novel style which obtains great success.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Washing Flannels.—The washing of many flannels is tedious work, as each article must be done separately, and in order that the result should be quite satisfactory the work should be accomplished with as much expedition as possible, for any woollens will shrink if allowed to lie about damp. To avoid delay, it is best to prepare the soap the day before the flannels are to be washed. Cut a quarter of a pound of good yellow soap into shreds with an old knife and put into a saucepan containing a quart of water; simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until the soap is dissolved; then strain and set aside to get cold, when it will be found to be in a jelly. Take as much of this jelly as is required to make a good lather, using plenty of warm water, which should not exceed 98 degrees Fahrenheit. Add a small quantity of household ammonia, and after having shaken the things to be washed, proceed to cleanse them in the soapy water, but do not rub dry soap on them. If they are much soiled a second edition or the soapy water will be necessary; they should then be rinsed twice in warm water, just a little cooler than that used with soap, and never put into quite cold water, as the difference in the temperature would shrink the wool.

There is quite a knack in wringing so as to abstract as much of the water as possible from wet clothes, and if one does not possess this knack or a wringer the following will be found an easy way of freeing a garment from superfluous moisture. Begin by squeezing as much water as possible from it, then roll the article up in a large, dry cloth or bath towel; place one end under foot and twist the rolled-up cloth around and around until it is curled up quite tightly; then shake out the cloth and the garment, and repeat the operation, only placing the other end of the roll under foot on the second occasion. The garment must next be well shaken and stretched out to its proper size and shape, for as it is pulled when wet so will it remain when dry; it should be hung either in the sun or at a little distance from the fire to dry, but not too near, or it will steam and shrink; an occasional shake during the drying will help to raise the wool and make it soft. It is best not to iron any fabrics of this description, as this tends to make them close; however, if the slightly creased appearance which they have after being washed is objected to, they may be smoothed with a cold iron. Whoever washes either winter or summer flannels by this method will find them always soft, fluffy, tight and—crowning glory—large enough.

It will be well to cover the shelves with oilcloth after they are thoroughly scrubbed and dried. This will not have to be renewed, like the paper, every time it becomes spotted or greasy. It is easily wiped off, and retains its fresh appearance a long time. If papers are used they should be changed often, and a plain edge turned neatly down over the edge of the shelf will look quite as well as the cut or pinked edges and will be much less troublesome.

Poisons are too numerous to give remedies in detail. Emetics are usually given after such as occasion drowsiness or delirium; sweet water, milk or oil, or whites of eggs, copiously, where there is vomiting or pain in the stomach. Camphor is said to be an antidote for a strychnine-saturated solution.

A new material for knitting or crocheting afghans is bacon, a heavy, soft, old cord which works up rapidly and is much handsomer than the old-time worsted. It is especially pretty for baby afghans, when delicate tints are used.

When rubber rings for canning purposes are found to be stretched out of shape soak them for a while in weak ammonia water and they will recover their elasticity.

Put camphor gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds, as that gives it a white appearance.

Grained wood should be washed with cold tea, and then, after being wiped dry, rubbed with linseed oil.

Rub the tea kettle, coffee pot, etc., with paper while hot, and they will never need scouring.

Lillian.

BY MRS. E. B. C.

I WILL never forgive you, Charlie Dalton, not if I should live to be a hundred! You have no right to speak such words to me. Even my patience has a limit, and I am tired of your jealous caprices. I will not be dictated to. I shall please myself as far as Harold Anderson is concerned. I intend to treat him with the courtesy due a gentleman from a lady."

The sweet clear voice rang out in indignant protest, the lovely face was flushed with anger, the pansy-blue eyes flashed, and the small golden head was crested proudly. She was in one of her "tantrums," as some one had wickedly dubbed the fits of wrath in which Lillian Vane was known at times to indulge. Sweet Lillian Vane! A spoiled child, a capricious little witch, the only child of her doting parents, who were wealthy and influential. Looking upon her now—this small fury—"a tempest in a teapot"—Charlie Dalton's heart misgave him. Was he wise to give all the love of his great manly heart to this little tantalizing fairy, who nearly tormented his life out with her sweet tyranny, which after all was so irresistible? But he was desperately in love, and love is a tyrannical despot which must and will have his own way, no matter what the consequences may be. But all the same, Charlie felt a strange little pang at his heart as he listened to Lillian's declaration of independence.

"She does not love me," was the first thought that flitted through his brain, "or she would never speak like that. Surely Harold Anderson has not won my darling's heart away from me?"

They were standing under the shade of a huge oak-tree which grew near the beach. The scene of my story is laid upon the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, where the salt breezes make the air delightful, and where thousands of people resort from the great crowded, stifling city to breathe the pure air and renew failing health. Lillian turned her blue eyes to glance across the water, where a white-sailed craft was dancing upon the waves. Charlie's gaze followed hers, and he saw that the sole occupant of the boat was Harold Anderson.

He was a fine-looking fellow, with a dashing air, and was very popular in society. His bold black eyes were fixed upon the two under the oak-tree, and he turned his boat about and made straight for the beach at the point where they were standing. A little later the boat's keel grated upon the sand, and Harold Anderson sprung out, and, securing the craft, came swiftly forward, lifting his hat to Lillian with courtly grace. She smiled into his face with a swift little glance that made Charlie Dalton's heart grow cold. He did not know that Lillian really meant no wrong; but that the spirit of coquetry and mischief spurred her on, and she was indiscreet instead of intentionally culpable. But Charlie was downright angry now, so with a cool adieu he turned and walked away. Harold's eyes followed the retreating figure.

"Our Knight of the Rueful Countenance looks troubled," he observed, slyly, with a mocking smile which made Lillian's heart shrink with aversion. "Miss Lillian, surely it is not true, this rumor that you are engaged to marry young Dalton? I hope not, for if it should be true your life would not be a happy one. And I—"

He stopped short with a sigh which would have made Lillian smile, so lugubrious was it, only she felt really too troubled to smile. Why had Charlie gone away and left her alone with Harold Anderson? It looked as though he were virtually resigning his claim to monopolize her society. Her eyes met the black orbs bent closely upon her, and she made answer a little more coldly than was necessary:

"My relations to Mr. Dalton can not affect you."

Harold's face flushed. He darted to her side and caught her hand in his own.

"Lillian, hear me!" he cried, eagerly. "I can keep silent no longer. I love you—I have loved you long! You are too fair and sweet to marry a jealous tyrant like Dalton. Be my wife, Lillian, and I swear to make you happy!"

She wrenched her hand away from his grasp, and, pale with indignation, turned upon him, her blue eyes flashing wrathfully.

"I have given you no cause to address me in this way, Mr. Anderson," she cried, angrily. "You are almost a stranger to me."

He drew nearer her side and attempted to take her hand once more. His face was pale with anger. He had been wounded in his pride and self-esteem, and that was almost more than he could bear; for Harold Anderson, like many society men, believed himself irresistible. But Lillian turned away, pale and angry, and a moment later had darted from the spot and was lost to sight.

The sun had set and a storm was brewing. She dashed on down the beach—on, on. She was quite a stranger in the place, having only come to this coast resort a few days previous. What wonder that when she turned to leave the long, white, sandy beach and strike into the belt of pine woods beyond—through which she must pass to return to the house where she and her parents were stopping—she should lose her way? It was growing rapidly dark, and the hoarse muttering of the storm frightened the timid girl, and the bright lightning flashing across the inky sky in lurid streaks brought terror to her heart; and then she began to realize the truth—that she had lost her way and knew not in which direction to turn.

Darker, darker, grew the sky; the rain began to come down, and in a few moments poor Lillian's thin white gown was drenched, and she could scarcely make her way a step further in her wet garments. She came to a terrified halt at last. There was no sign of a human habitation, and the very blackness of darkness ingulfed the scene, save when the lance-like lightning flashed athwart the dense blackness of the sky.

Utterly exhausted, and so frightened that she was almost bereft of reason, Lillian sunk down at last at the foot of a tree.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned, in her terror and despair. "I shall die out here all alone, and I have no idea which way to turn to get home again! Oh, if I had not been so cross and bad to Charlie he would not have left me alone! But he is so proud, and he fancied that I preferred Harold Anderson's society to his, so he left me, although he had brought me to the beach. I suppose he thought that Mr. Anderson would escort me home, but I hate him—I hate him, and I will never speak to him again as long as I live!"

She was sobbing bitterly now, her slight form trembling with grief and terror. All at once a thought struck her, and she began to shout aloud at the top of her voice:

"Charlie! Charlie! Oh, help, help!"

There was the tramp of hurrying feet, the flash of a lighted lantern, a low cry of joy, and she was clasped in Charlie's arms, where she sobbed like a child. And the ludicrous part of it all was that she had been lost within a stone's-throw of her home. The white cottage with its glowing lights, where her anxious parents awaited her, was just around a bend in the path, quite near the spot where Charlie had found her; and when his arms went around her and she felt the comfort of his presence Lillian sobbed out a contrite confession of her own foolishness, and all was made right. Mrs. Charles Dalton often thinks of the lesson that she learned that night in the storm and darkness and how she learned to prize a true heart's love.

POINTS IN BUYING SHOES.—Any one who expects to secure a comfortable, or even endurable fit, should test their shoes well before leaving the store. "Many women," says a dealer, "get a shoe harnessed onto their foot much as a horse is strapped up by main strength in the hands of an ignorant person; and there is the woman and there is the horse, faultless to all appearance, not a strap flopping, nor a fold of leather that your finger could go under, and, if the shoe or the harness doesn't pain or chafe while at rest, it seems all right. But let the horse try to start, or the woman either, and the truth will come out. I always advise a person to stand and walk across the floor in a newly fitted shoe, to test it before leaving the store with it."

WHERE APPLES GROW WILD.—In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and forests of trees of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

Caught in the Rebound.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

AND this is final, Lenore? Forgive me, but you have given me cause for hope; and now—now, coldly and unfeelingly, you blight that hope and tell me that you can never be anything to me but a friend. There is no alternative but to say farewell!"

Lee Kenyon's handsome face was pale with agitation; his fine eyes were dark with a melancholy light; his compressed lips betrayed the intense emotion which he was too much a man of the world to reveal. Such a man will mask his real emotions under an outward casting of ice, and the world will declare that he is hard and unfeeling, simply because his feelings and emotions are under full control.

Lenore Fayne looked like a beautiful statue as she stood in the silk-draped window of her handsome home, her blue eyes drooping from before the sad dark ones gazing upon her so sorrowfully.

"I have given you cause to hope, Mr. Kenyon?" she repeated, coldly. "If so, it was unintentional, and I ask your pardon. I erred unthinkingly."

He bowed lowly before her. All the hope and the brightness of his life was crushed within him in one fell blow from this woman. He had learned to love her, and if ever a woman's eyes had looked love into the eyes of a man, Lenore Fayne had been guilty of the crime. And now, when he had ventured to lay his heart at her feet and plead for her love, she had answered him with a slight uplifting of her delicate brows and a slow smile stealing over her haughty face, pale and set with anger, while in a few cold, stinging words she shattered his last hope.

"I have never thought of such a thing as loving you or marrying you, Mr. Kenyon," the slow, sweet voice made answer; "and you are hardly in a position to maintain a wife. You forget that I am accustomed to luxury, while you——"

She hesitated. His face flushed hotly and then grew pale as death.

"Go on!" he commanded, sternly.

"Well, you know that you are not a man of wealth, Mr. Kenyon," the sweet, icy voice resumed, after a moment's pause. "You are only an artist—a popular one, it is true, and rapidly rising to distinction—but I must have more than a future promise of success to depend upon. In short, Mr. Kenyon, I could not marry a poor man, no matter how talented and distinguished he might be."

The mocking smile deepened in his eyes, his lip curled with disdain. He bowed lowly and deferentially before her.

"I am answered," he said, quietly, the look of scorn deepening in his eyes. "Good-bye, Miss Fayne."

In an instant his cold fingers closed over her white hand; then the door of the drawing-room opened and closed, and Lee Kenyon was gone. For a time Miss Fayne stood staring vacantly before her, her face pale and stern; then the two white hands clasped each other convulsively, the mask fell from the beautiful face, and great tears rolled down the cheeks so suddenly grown pale. She sunk into a seat and buried her face in her trembling hands, while a storm of grief swept over her like a tempest.

"I love him—I love him!" she moaned, bitterly, "and I have sent him away from me because he is poor. But rich or poor, I love him! I shall love him till I die!"

Out in the great bloom scented grounds outside the Fayne mansion, Lee Kenyon dashed blindly on toward the entrance gates. A sudden turn in the path, and he ran almost into the arms of a girl who was coming from the opposite direction—a slim slip of a girl in a short white dress, with a bunch of red roses in the satin belt. A big straw hat shaded her face—such a sparkling, riante little face. Somehow its beauty had never struck Lee Kenyon before. Utterly absorbed in the fair white loveliness of Lenore, he had never thought of the darker beauty of Valerie Fayne, the younger member of the family. He stopped short to apologize for the accident. She laughed aloud, and her laughter was like a chime of fairy bells.

"Dear me, Mr. Kenyon, it is not worth mentioning!" she cried, lightly. "One can scarcely wonder at any absent-mindedness in a man who has just been calling upon beautiful Lenore; she is my only sister, and I admire her immensely. But don't look so horrified! She has refused you, hasn't she? I can see it in your face. Oh, yes; I've seen the same look in the faces of a dozen of other men. Lenore is a bit of a flirt; and I say, Mr. Kenyon, I am sorry that you are not going to be my brother-in-law."

"I am not! Valerie, if I had not been a blind fool I would have had my eyes open long ago. Listen to me, little Val. You are only sixteen, but I think you are capable of reading your own heart. Will you be my wife, Val? I begin to see my own folly and the mistake I have made, and—I love you! Don't look so incredulous. I truly believe, that right here, this very moment, love for you has sprung up in my heart like a beautiful flower. Val, what have you to say to me?"

The sweet, childish face grew pale, and the shy eyes drooped from before his eager gaze. The heart of the man was thrilling over this new experience—surely a strange one—for if ever a man's heart was caught in the rebound Lee Kenyon's had been that day.

"Ask me that question one year from now," Val's voice, low and tremulous, broke the silence between them, "and then I will know that you mean it. I—I have always liked you, Mr. Kenyon, but I thought that you loved Lenore."

"I thought so myself," he returned, "but I have found out the truth to-night. Then Valerie, you do not object to sharing a poor artist's lot in life?"

Her eyes brightened.

"I have never thought whether you were poor or rich," she confessed, frankly. "Why, if a woman loves a man, she should not hesitate upon that ground."

He stooped and kissed the sweet red lips.

"One year from to-day I will return for you, Valerie," he said. "In the meantime, my own sweet, if at the end of the year you find that you really love me, I will ask your father to give you to me."

And as he hastened away his heart was full of a sweet new hope. This strange awakening showed to Lee Kenyon that he had never really loved Lenore.

"And Valerie does not dream that I am a rich man!" he said to himself as he hastened down the street. "She does not know that I have inherited a fortune. If Lenore had known, she might have accepted me, and then—somehow I am thankful for my escape!"

One year later Lee Kenyon called at the Fayne residence and inquired for Miss Fayne. Valerie was Miss Fayne now, for Lenore had married a wealthy old man—old enough to be her father—and was living a life of fashionable dissipation, trying to drown the memory of the past, which would haunt her a shadow.

Little Val was soon in Kenyon's presence. One glance into the lovely, blushing face, and he drew her to his heart.

"My own forever!" he murmured, fondly. And not until the marriage had taken place did it become publicly known that Lee Kenyon was worth a half million.

Lenore Fayne—the old man's loveless bride—heard the news in her stately home, and gnashed her teeth in mad despair over her own folly. She has lost him and his fortune, yet she is fated to love him as long as she lives, while Lee Kenyon, happy in the love of his sweet young wife, thanks Heaven fervently that his heart was caught in the rebound.

YANKEE SPEED.—An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warhouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

ENGAGEMENTS IN HOLLAND.—A custom among the Dutch is the exchanging of engagement rings, which are narrow bands of plain gold, with the initials of the betrothed and the day of the betrothal engraved on the inside. They are worn on the left hand before, and on the right after, marriage. Dutch engagements extend over a perion of from two to five years. During this time the young woman gives up all amusements in which her fiancee does not participate. If he is not of the dancing sort she refrains from that recreation, however much she may desire to engage in the figure. She never goes in company anywhere if he is not present, and when they go together to a ball no gentleman will ever ask her to dance without formally gaining his permission.

A CRUSADE is being started against the engagement ring in Boston. One of the reasons given for its proposed abolition is that many girls become engaged for no other purpose than to add another ring to their collection and break off the contract as soon as it becomes convenient.

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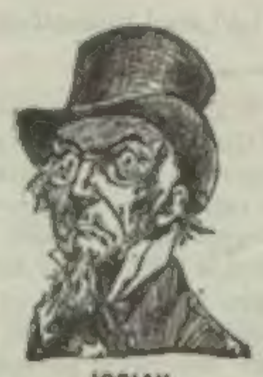

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Humorous.

THE TIME TO STOP.

It was a dreadful story, the latest scandal out,
That Mr. Brown sat down to tell young Mrs. Brown about.
She listened to it, eager, till all of it she'd heard—
Then cried out: "Stop! I do not care to hear another word!"

—U. N. Nonx

What small animal is there that is turned into a large one by being beheaded?—Fox, ox.

When a girl is described as the picture of health, it isn't to be inferred that she paints herself.

"Ten dollars fo' stealin' dat chicken?" cried Rastus. "Why, jedge, I could 'a' bought dat hen fo' fifty cents!"

He: "It is very bright within and very dreary without, is it not?" She: "Without what?" He, inspired: "You."

Bessie: "He was very impudent. He put his arm around me twice." Jessie: "Humph—he must have had a very long arm!"

Sunday-school teacher: "What are the heathen?"

Bright boy: "Heathens are people who don't quarrel about religion."

"You seem to have a good deal of faith in doctors," said the friend of the sick man. "I have," was the reply; "a d ctor would be foolish to let a good customer like me die."

"What—five glasses of lager-beer already! My dear man, think of your six children."

"Thank you for reminding me. Here, waiter—bring me another glass!"

Wife: "I want to talk with you about some things we need for the house."

Husband: "What are they?"

Wife: "Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?"

Lady, handing out some cold victuals: Why don't you go to work?

Tramp: Well, ma'am, it's this way—when I'm hungry I'm too weak to work, and when I'm full why, of course, I don't need to work.

"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother. "'Cause 'tain't any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

"It's a beautiful day for a walk," she said, looking out of the window. "Indeed it is," he said, doing likewise. "Would you like to take a walk?" she continued. "Above all things," he answered. "Then why don't you?" she inquired.

Jeweler: "I have shown you all the rings that I have suitable for a daughter 12 years old."

Lady-customer: "Well, I have changed my mind now. I think I'll wait until she's 15."

Jeweler: "All right. Take a chair."

"But why are you so very anxious to see a whale, Mrs. Trotter?" asked the captain, after the lady had inquired for the twentieth time if one was in sight. "I want so much to see one blubber, captain. It must be very impressive to see such a large creature cry."

"There's no use in trying to deny it," she sighed, "men are terribly inconsistent." "What's the matter?" asked her mother. "When Charley started for the races this morning he said he would have money to burn, and now he declares he can't afford a ton of coal."

Watts: "I was at a spiritualistic seance."

Potts: "Were any spirits exhibited?"

Watts: "There were. I exhibited a spirit of investigation; the faithful exhibited a spirit of resentment; and that's what's the matter with my eye."

Mr. Smallwort: I see that a female bank robber has been operating out West, and has so far escaped capture.

Mrs. Smallwort: How do they know it is a woman if the robber has not been captured?

Mr. Smallwort: The combination locks all have been picked with a hairpin.

Old gentleman: "What would you like to be when you grow up?"

Boy: "I'd like to be a bricklayer."

Old gentleman: "That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?"

Boy: "'Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."

Scene—House of a recently-married pair. Loving husband: "What are you smiling at, dear?" Sarcastic wife: "I was recalling how you used to sit and hold my hand for an hour at a time before we were married. How silly you were!" Loving husband: "I wasn't silly at all. I held your hand to keep you away from the piano."

Some girls were admiring a statuette of Andromeda, which was labeled "Executed in Terra Cotta."

"Where is Terra Cotta?" asked one of them, with probably some vague idea of Terra del Fuego.

"I'm sure I do not know," was the reply, "but I pity the poor girl wherever it is!"

An Unforeseen Result.—Not being blessed with a superabundance of money, two medical students, the one a very large and the other a very small one, were roommates and bedfellows. Only a few nights had elapsed when the big man, who was on the inner side, suddenly awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good-sized reservation in the middle of the bed.

By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and despatch, he gently adjusted the soles of his feet, and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him quickly on the carpet.

The ejected one showed no signs of resentment until several nights later, when finding his bulky comrade occupying a similar position to that in which he had given offence, he plotted a revenge.

Stealthily climbing over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall, and, placing a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces, and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and if not just what had been anticipated, was undoubtedly in strict accordance with the laws of nature.

The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between it and the wall, through which the other one disappeared.

The little fellow had shot himself out of bed.

The Duchess' Watch.—In the earlier years of her reign Queen Victoria was inclined to be very exact as regarded matters of business, more especially in respect of punctuality as to appointed times and places. At the time the Duchess of Sutherland held the office of Mistress of the Robes, and on public occasions her position was very near the royal person and deemed of great importance. A day and an hour had been appointed for a certain public ceremony in which the Queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and, of all the Court, the duchess alone was absent, and her absence retarded the departure. The Queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at length, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess, in breathless haste, made her appearance, stammering some faint words of excuse. "My dear duchess," said the Queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch;" and, as she spoke, she unloosened from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore, and placed it round the neck of Lady Sutherland. Though it was given as a present, the lesson conveyed made a deep and lively impression. The proud duchess changed color, and a tear, which she could not repress, fell upon her cheek. On the next day she tendered her resignation, but it was not accepted.

Queer Japanese Customs.—In Japan almost every one carries a lantern. By day and night it is dangling at his belt. It resembles a flat box. Each end of the box is fastened to a sort of paper, which, lying in folds, forms, when drawn out, a lantern. The Japanese usually carries also a tiny wooden box, shaped like a cylinder, to hold his candle. A small medicine-chest with half a dozen little boxes, each containing a small portion of medicine, a fan, a pipe, and a short sword, all form part of the outfit. The belt of a Japanese is therefore a very important part of his dress. His slippers consist of a sole with a worsted thread at the upper end, through which the great toe is thrust to keep it on the foot. His pillow is a framework of whalebone, or some such substance, into which the back of the neck neatly fits. This is to keep his knot of hair in order, for he does not have his hair dressed every day, and therefore is obliged to take care of the piece, which is greased and bound into a queue, the rest of the head being closely shaven. The rich Japanese send their children to school in inferior garments, in order that the children of the poor may not be ashamed to wear their shabby clothes.

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The rate from Philadelphia will be $4.00, Pittsburgh $8.00, Cumberland $4.55, and correspondingly low rates from all other stations.

Instinct Stronger than Reason.—Not long ago (says a recent writer), I witnessed a scene in a steamboat which showed the wonderful strength of the instinct of self-preservation. Among the passengers was a man who had a rattlesnake in a box with a glass top. The snake was a very vicious one, and would strike the glass whenever anybody approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any man in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do. One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it first, and, after repeated attempts, gave it up. Then every passenger on board the boat followed, but failure resulted in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined.

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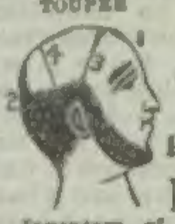

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.30 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 5.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m., (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 7.30 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m. 4.45 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 exc. train 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20 (Mondays only 6.45), 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 10.15 a m, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. $1.00 exc. train 6.00 p m., from foot Mississippi Ave. does not stop at depot. Sundays—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 9.30 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 exc. train, 6.10 p m., from foot of Mississippi Ave., does not stop at Depot.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 6.55 a m, 4.35 p m.

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